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IMAGIST ANTHOLOGY 1930

COVICI, FRIEDE * NEW YORK

NEW POETRY BY THE IMAGISTS

RICHARD ALDINGTON

JOHN COURNOS * H.D. * JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

F. S. FLINT * FORD MADOX FORD * JAMES JOYCE

D. H. LAWRENCE * WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

Forewords by FORD MADOX FORD * GLENN HUGHES

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NOTE

To prevent any possible misunderstanding the announcement is here made that this volume is not intended as an attempt to revive Imagism as an *avant-garde* movement. In 1912 certain young and almost unknown authors, who felt friendly towards each other, published their poems together in the "Imagist" anthology. They have developed along varying lines, but still feel friendly. The present anthology is intended to give specimens of their recent work.

The authors appear in alphabetical order.

Mr. James Joyce's contribution is reprinted by permission of The Black Sun Press, Rue Cardinale, Paris, publishers of "Tales Told by Shem and Shaun, Three Fragments from Work in Progress," limited to 650 copies, (1929) and already out of print.

FOREWORDS

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

AND indeed they were.

For you have no idea how nearly a band of filibusters, largely American, captured the citadel of Anglo-Saxon thought. So that but for mightier thunders and invasions who knows what London might not have been today—a more extended Paris? a Greenwich Village with a uniform of green billiard-cloth trousers, red side-whiskers and sombreros? . . . *Ah, Guillaume, qu'as tu fait?*

It is a little difficult to disentangle Futurism from Cubism and Vorticism and Imagism . . . and indeed even from Impressionism and Post Impressionism and Dadaism and Hyper-realism. At least it isn't now. But in those days it was bewildering. You have to remember that by 1913 Futurism was really a world movement. People made noises like guns and steam drills and sand-paper machines all the way from Otranto, by way of Paris-Berlin-London to—but timidly there—the purviews of West Eighth Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. I know that three young men—called, let us say, Winkenstein, Blinkenheimer and Nodstern, once walked down that street at that era, the first making a noise

like a naval howitzer, the second like a steam drill and the third, who was very small in stature, like a sewing machine. The first Zeppelin had crossed the Atlantic.

I don't mean to say that it was the first impact of Modern Art on the United States, for a mild inoculation of Impressionism had administered itself to the mild American artists, who in those milder days mildly lounged on the Boulevards. So that today in uptown drawing-rooms of New York you may see mild feats of the square brush of the early decades of this century. But there was about those achievements nothing, really, of the *tapageur,* though uptown New York squealed about them as if an attempt were being made upon its virtue. But Futurism, as it were, did not leave anyone time or breath to squeal with. Marinetti made such a noise that beneath its cover the darkest deeds might have been enacted. What exactly it was all about, it is difficult to say—except that the Signor seemed to attempt to express in his own person all the noises that today Mr. George Antheil evokes from aeroplane propellers, electric street-borers, L trains, xylophones and—for the pianissimo passages of his *ballets mécaniques*—clothes-whisks. But it was all very jolly and vital, and before those noises the walls of Jericho fell down.

They just fell down. All those terrific fortalices—the late ACADEMY, the late ATHENAEUM, the late LITERARY WEEKLY and the late . . . or perhaps it still exists . . . TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT—fell pallidly on their backs and cried *Kam-*

erad! The Great Wall round the Chinese immutability of dullness that surrounds the London intellect just fell. It fell all the more flat and all the more house-of-cards-like just because it couldn't tell what it was all about. And no one could. Marinetti saw that the note of his day was noise and that the note of the future was to be still always more and more noises, so that—in default of any system of æsthetics—he just stood on platforms and really evolved the most extraordinary rows.

But by 1913 there had come divisions. A strong group in France, Germany and London began to call themselves CUBISTS. The—alas—late Mr. Ezra Pound and the at present ubiquitous Mr. (Percy) Wyndham Lewis, with the assistance of Mr. Richard Aldington and my bewildered but not unpleasantly titillated self, evolved VORTICISM which was, like CUBISM, a step towards some sort of constructive æsthetics. Or it might be more just to say that in conspiratorial shadows in the neighbourhood of Silver Street (Alas, it is now called Church Street), Kensington, London W. which is for all the world the same as Greenwich Village or so was then . . . the late Mr. Pound—Oh, weep for Adonais!—and Mr. Lewis evolved a whirlpool into which eventually were dragged Mr. Aldington, Mr. Fletcher, Mr. F. S. Flint, Mr. Robert Frost, Mr. Carlos Williams and eventually even H. D. and my mildly protesting self . . . and Gaudier Brzeska and Jacob Epstein and several others who will clamour if I

include their names and, possibly, clamour louder if I leave them out.

What exactly VORTICISM was—though its most loyal champion—I never knew. That was probably because of Mr. Pound's singularly incomprehensible—because so pre-deluvian—American accent and Mr. Lewis's almost inaudible mumbles. I would be led along the narrow streets of the Transatlantic downtown region, poor Mr. Pound holding one arm and Mr. Lewis the other; and Mr. Pound with an extreme rapidity of diction would yawp into my one ear admirable doctrine, in the dialect and with the gestures of a pre-war nigger-daddy who had passed the greater part of his life in Camden, N. J. under the shadow of the good grey poet. And Mr. Lewis, into the other ear, would be letting drop vitriolic but inaudible denunciations of the Other Side.

The Other Side was, by that time, no longer the ACADEMY, the ATHENAEUM and the rest. They still lay flat. But there were certain CUBIST vipers! Futurism had split.

It had split in the endeavour to produce a working creed. But I think that the VORTICISTS came nearer to remaining FUTURISTS *pur sang,* for I could not discern that they had any working creed at all. At any rate none beyond the agreeable occupations of *épatéing* the Bourgeois and wearing green trousers came through to me. But I remember a great demonstration in force of both armies, in the Doré Galleries in Bond Street. *That* comes back to be as a fine Waterloo.

Upon the platform was Marinetti making wonderful sounds; on each side of him were the leaders—the Jehovah-Vorticists and the Lucifer-Others. We awaited a profession of partisanship from the Grand Sachem of Futurism as to who was to carry on the goodly noise. Alas!

The uniforms of all the generals on both sides were the same—the trousers of green billiard cloth, the pink coats, the Japanese neckwear. But whereas the Vorticists wore hair on their faces the Other Side wore none.

The agitation was intense, the suspense almost insupportable. Aides-de-camp ran from the platform into the audience delivering the latest news of what was passing *sotto voce* around the All-Highest. Marinetti thundered on. And on and on. From the platform Mr. Pound made gestures of triumph towards the rest of us. . . . And then suddenly . . . the All-Highest was denouncing . . . beards!

That was a rout. I was told that there were bloody noses and cracked crowns, though I saw none myself and was no casualty—perhaps because my lower limbs were encased in grey-striped trouserings so that I passed unnoticed. . . .

But VORTICISM had to float free of the parent ark and, in a proud vessel called BLAST was soon *épatéing* all the coasts in sight—and some that were below the horizon.

And as a by-product of VORTICISM there evolved itself . . . *Imagism.*

That too the even louder blasts submerged. But you see,

it here crops up again. CUBISM, FUTURISM, VORTICISM . . . they went. But like a modest plant that had a creeping root-stock IMAGISM flowers once more—because in the end it had something of permanency in its principles and because its practitioners worked sedulously according to those lights.

I like to think that my ceaseless hammerings upon the note, that the word, written or spoken, has energies that transgress the limits of the letters that cage or the sounds that *cabine* it. . . . I like to think that my hammerings on that note and also on the other notes—that emotions have their own peculiar cadences and that poetic ideas are best expressed by the rendering of concrete objects—had their effect on the promoters of this slender and lovely little Movement. No doubt every contributor to this volume will at this point protest to its editor that till now they have never heard of me or of my theories. And that would be proper . . . because at that I died: I determined to become as dead and silent as Mr. Pound. I wrote a farewell to Literature . . . and, Fate taking me at my word, it was ten years before I wrote another book. (I except Propaganda, which falls into the category of *biblia abiblia.*)

But, if I then went underground, it was quite sincerely because I considered that in this group of young people were writers perfectly calculated to carry on the work that I had, not so much begun, as tried to foster in others. I desired to see English become at once more colloquial and more exact,

verse more fluid and more exacting of its practitioners . . . and above all, as I have said, that it should be realized that poetry, as it were dynamically, is a matter of rendering, not comment. You must not say: "I am so happy"; you must behave as if you were happy. . . . And perhaps above all I was anxious that Anglo-Saxondom should realize that all creative prose, like all imaginative verse, is Poetry.

Well, in these young people I saw a body that appeared to be acting along the lines of my unceasing preachments. Their work had exactitude; their words came from vocabularies more actual than those of the academic writers who have made of London the city of Chinese mental stagnation that it was and is. They had beauties and actualities of ideas which they rendered rather than stated; they had a fine command of a great range of cadences—and they had a great love for the art of letters.

And those, in the end, are the requisites for permanence in literature so that you may well see in the impermanence of BLASTS, VORTICISMS, CUBISMS, DADAISMS and the rest, and in the relative perdurability of IMAGISM, a symbol *in petto* of how it always has been and will be. God forbid that I should be taken as saying that the louder agitations have not their place. The highest and most entrancing form of gardening consists in securing amongst rocks a growth of tenuous and frailly emotional saxifrage. For that the rocks must be blasted. Tapage, green trousers, red whiskers . . . all, all

have their uses. They make the hearts of entrenched bonzes quail within them. If the QUARTERLY killed Keats it was because Jeffreys was filled with fear and today the QUARTERLY does penance in sackcloth.

But that is only Politics, necessary though Politics be in the life literary. Literature itself is produced by quiet people in garrets, whilst and after the rumpus continues. For myself when any young people with whiskers and sombreros are kicking up any sort of row, anywhere, about anything, I will —if they permit it!—be with them. France today is alive and full of literary fiercenesses largely because DADAISM came, like the children of the dragon's teeth of Cadmus, from the battlefields of Armageddon; and America has a literary life largely because, the war being relatively ignored there, Messrs. Winkenstein, Blinkenheimer and Nodstern did walk down West Eighth Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. Vorticism did that, clearing away all but the last last, last vestiges of the Concord School and making possible . . . oh, let us say Elizabeth Madox Roberts because in her quietude and scrupulosity of English she is a sort of Imagiste too.

And it has rendered possible the resurgence of an Imagist Anthology, so that continuity is preserved and solidarity manifested joyfully to the world. For it is a good thing for the world that it should be shown that writers can keep together, or, after years and years, meet and carry on. And it

was a good idea—a jolly good idea—of the Editor to reassemble that scattered flock between boards.

So that here we are again—not faint, and still pursuing. Because those, in truth, were the days . . . when Imagism was born! As Arndt or someone like him says of the Prussian army in their war of liberation of 1806: "There was no one amongst us that did not feel within his breast the divine afflatus. . . ." Something like that. . . .

You see, I take the liberty of including my then already sufficiently venerable self in the same "as all those young Hectors and Achilles." Well, it was then a pleasure and a privilege. And today, being of the same age as Flaubert, when he was half way through BOUVARD ET PETUCHET, it is my chief pride to be allowed, as it were, to stand on the platform and say my little piece—and once more to be beside H.D. who was at once our gracious Muse, our cynosure and the peak of our achievement. . . . And who still so consummately is all that!

FORD MADOX FORD

New York
Aug. 1st, 1929

P.S. I hear at the last moment that the author of CATHAY is not actually—however spiritually—with Homer, Plato, Sophocles, the Swan of Avon, Rimbaud, Bertran de Born and all those just men. It is therefore only because of his dilatoriness in sending in his contribution that he can be styled "the late."

FOREWORD

"IMAGISM is dead; long live the Imagists!" In other words, the militant movement towards a new poetry, started in London in 1912 and continued energetically for several years thereafter, may be considered definitely of the past, and may now be studied with almost as complete detachment as one might bring to a study of a Napoleonic campaign. The only well-organized movement in English poetry since the days of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Imagism is, I believe, destined to command serious consideration from all literary historians of the future: first, because of the intrinsic merit of the Imagist poetry itself; because by theory and by example it blazed the way for myriad younger poets, including the finest of the post-war period. It legitimized free verse, cleared the air of musty artifice and shallow sentiment, revived the clarity and conciseness of the Greeks, substituted classical objectivity for romantic cosmicism, demonstrated the effectiveness of the Oriental miniature, and accomplished a re-wedding of the intellect and the emotions.

The Imagists knew when to let Imagism die. None of

them was interested in a movement for its own sake; each of them was interested in being a poet. Having certain common beliefs, and being faced in common with certain prejudices, they joined forces for a time and marched against the enemy, waving a single banner. That they won their fight is incontestable. And having won it they threw the banner away, broke ranks, and became frankly what they had been all the time—individual artists.

It is extraordinary to think how many of the original Imagist poets have attained eminence. The first Imagist anthology, called *Des Imagistes,* edited by Ezra Pound and published in the spring of 1914, had eleven contributors: Richard Aldington, H.D., F. S. Flint, Skipwith Cannell, Amy Lowell, William Carlos Williams, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Hueffer, Allen Upward, and John Cournos. The three later anthologies, called *Some Imagist Poets,* sponsored by Amy Lowell and published in 1915, 1916, 1917, had six contributors: Richard Aldington, H.D., John Gould Fletcher, F. S. Flint, D. H. Lawrence, and Amy Lowell. As Fletcher and Lawrence were the only members of the later group not represented in the first anthology, we have a total of thirteen writers who may possibly be considered *bona fide* Imagists. And of these certainly not more than two are unknown to any reasonably well-read person today, whereas several are world figures. An amazing record for a group of struggling young poets, and a horrible

shock to those critics, official and otherwise, who poked unlimited fun at the anthologies and at the Anglo-American upstarts who devised them!

The present volume has no propagandist intentions. It is not fighting for anything. It flaunts the Imagist banner not as a challenge, but merely as a symbol. And the Imagists are here mustered not for a charge, but for parade. We are to consider and to enjoy them as independent artists, who once upon a time (only fifteen years ago) found it necessary to unite in the assertion of their right to artistic independence.

GLENN HUGHES

San Francisco
July 6, 1929

RICHARD ALDINGTON

RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE EATEN HEART

I

Under the reign of Mr. Bloom
When the loud machines beat on our minds,
We, that are children of despair,
Who see or think we see so clearly
Through Philoctetes' pain and Timon's rage
How all hope's vain, all effort null;
We that tremble between two worlds,
Half-regretting the old dead Europe
Crumbling and melancholy as a deserted palace
When the last king of the line has long been dead,
Frightened yet moulded by the cold hard patterns
Beaten upon life by the loud machines—
What do we know of love?

A man or woman might die for love
And be glad in dying;
But who would die for sex?
Die for food or drink?

Better turn monk
And keep your sperm for God
And hard despair.
Will you die for a blind hot instinct,
The rut of insect and beast,
(O stab the words home till the wound is deep
to dull a fiercer pain)
Die for a female mammal—
Two breasts and a curled slit?
(O stab, till you sob with pain.)

Yet women have loved, and men have died for them.

II

O Love—Euripides speaks—
O love through the eyes you speed desire,
In our souls you breathe delight.
Come not to me, O Love, with an escort of woe,
Harry me not beyond the strength of a man.

III

Women have loved, and men have died for them,
And a woman has died for the man she loved.
Die? What! Die for remembered pleasures
Or pleasures hoped for or pleasures dreamed of,
Smooth caresses, the shock of spasms?

But I say there is more in all this
Than the delicate friction of two skins. . . .

Do you know you live in a prison?
Do you know your own loneliness?
For long years you are unaware of it,
Move and act in the world,
Talk, laugh, eat, play, make love,
Believe yourself alive,
And never know you are in deathly solitude.

All through the years you move among men and women,
And you are imprisoned away from them, and they from
you.
But within you is a world, a small human world,
A mysterious unconscious or half-conscious you,
Dumbly yearning in a wordless apathy
To break from the prison in a rush of ecstasy,
In a tumultuous outpouring of itself,
A divine frenzy of tenderness and devotion,
To meet its sister world.

Sun after sun rolls from dawn to setting,
Inhuman constellations wheel above you,
A generation of buds points the bare spring branches,
A generation of dying leaves drifts past you;

They who were children when you played a man's part
Smile at your memories, never knew your dead,
And lonely, lonely is the spirit within you,
Lonelier than any Bastille prisoner,
Lonelier than a barren Ægean islet.

And yet you do not know it,
Feel only a vague mysterious yearning,
A dim malaise, a something wanting,
Whether your days are mirthful or bleak with despair—
The cold despair of the mind,
Not the worse despair of the soul.
And suddenly, unawares, there is a meeting of eyes. . . .

IV

It is true, of course, as Euripides says,
That what enters by the eyes is desire,
But desire for what?

Desire, indeed, for the meeting of bodies—
For our bodies are we, and the "soul" is a metaphor
To express the unknown in ourselves,
As "God" is unknown in the universe;
And primordial urgent desire
That life should be continued.

This is the love of savages,
For, though the savage will kill for desire,
He will not die for it;
Where men are primitive, desire must be primitive,
And therefore women are slaves and chattels
As in some respects they still are—
And it is right they should be,
For they lack the magnanimity of free men.

With our hands and breasts we speak mysterious things
Which the filter of speech rejects,
And only through the known, exterior body
Do we reach the mysterious unknown within.

The desire I strive to express,
The desire I believe Euripides means,
(For a woman like Phaedra does not die
Because a man refuses her bed)
This desire is a complex thing,
Both civilised and primitive.

(For civilisation is not only a complexity of material needs,
But a complexity of passionate and mental needs,
The discovery and enjoyment of ourselves
As well as of what is outside ourselves.)
When desire speeds through the eyes

For a moment there is strange tumult
In the whole nature of man or woman,
And in a flash all life is changed.
For all the known and the unknown in them
Are acutely alert and clamouring
In a tumult of pain and joy
Such as I think Philoctetes felt
When he grasped the hand of Neoptolemus,
A friend, and the son of a friend, a saviour,
The breaker of bonds,
Releaser from a ten years prison.
(I have a right to re-interpret a Greek tragedy:
Take it as an expression of human loneliness,
The dreadful inevitable loneliness of the human soul,
The tragedy of delusive joy
At the hope of recognition and release,
The tragedy of real pain and bitterness
When the hope vanishes before human treachery
And human incomprehension and indifference,
The tragedy which only a god could undo
If there were a god—
O Sophoclean irony, your hard serenity!)

There in Philoctetes the tragedy is stated,
Dramatised, sublimated in a pure serenity
Strangely brooding aloof over human loneliness

And what is true of the tortured Philoctetes—
Who has nothing left but pride and despair—
Is universal, true to-day, true of ourselves.
With us the tragedy is more complex and incoherent;
It is softer and perhaps a little mawkish
Because it is so complicated with sexual desire
Which leaves us so exposed to ridicule,
And we fear ridicule more than we fear the gods.

I, brooding alone over lonely miseries about me,
Think that for many, for most, perhaps,
This tragedy never happens,
The moment never arrives,
The miracle never occurs,
The need is never felt—
(They may be unhappy in other ways,
But in this profound way they are not unhappy.)

But to others the moment comes
And the whole nature is set free,
Is conscious of its totality, affirms itself,
Escapes from negative existence, and lives.
This is what happens to men and women
When we see they are suddenly changed
And are surprised at the change.

But—brief was the joy of Philoctetes—
All that passionate outpouring of self,
That sudden release, that immense deliverance,
Recoil on themselves in blind despair and apathy,
If the response is null or inadequate,
If the sister-world is not really a sister world.

Most lives are monologues, and so grow poorer;
But conceive the riches if the response is there,
Question and answer, change and interchange,
Positive life.

If the response is there, a life is fulfilled,
For the dialogue life of those two natures
Grows richer a thousand-fold
Than the two monologue lives lived separately,
Dwindling in their own loneliness.

If there is some response, a reaching-out,
Either to the full extent of a lesser world
Or the partial extent of an equal or greater world,
There remains a poignant memory, a dream—
Laura or Beatrice.

I do not deny the body, I praise it—
That is where Petrarch and Dante err—

But the tragedy of thwarted sexual desire is nothing,
The true tragedy is that of inner loneliness,
Philoctetes agonizing on his lonely isle. . . .

V

Now, under the reign of Mr. Bloom,
When the strange machines have killed the old Europe
Which seems so easy and pleasant to us
Because it was ungeometric, and is dead,
I brood on the strange unhappy lives
And the hard unhappy faces, sometimes so beautiful
But strangely hard.
We were right, yes, we were right
To smash the false idealities of the last age,
The humbug, the soft cruelty, the mawkishness,
The heavy tyrannical sentimentality,
The inability to face facts, especially new facts;
All of which linger on so damnably among us.

We were right to question and to destroy,
Pitching out gods and fools, lumber and riches,
Clearing away the falsities and pretentions.
We are right too when we turn,
Even if with infinite regret, from the old dead Europe,
And face the hard new world, the world of machines;

For we cannot kill the machines,
And if we fight them, they will kill us.

I think we were right to go groping in all forbidden places,
Uncovering horrors politely forgotten
And facing them too,
Making ourselves hard for the hard age of machines.
I like the men and women of my age,
I like their hardness,
For though we are a battered and rather bitter set,
Still we have faced the facts, we have been pretty honest.
But, sitting here brooding over the hard faces,
I wonder if we have not rejected too much,
If we have not hardened ourselves too much
Making it impossible to break out of our self-prisons,
As if Philoctetes had exiled himself?

Of course, you can say it is the War,
But you cannot put everything down to the War
Nor to the machines either.
We have mistaken the problem, overlooked the tragedy.
We are all rather like Philoctetes,
But we do not know it.
It is not true to say that life is more difficult—
Materially it is easier,
Only for the spirit is it more difficult

Because, like the heroes of Sophocles
We have looked too closely
Or too deeply into realities
And know, or think we know, that nothing is worth
achieving.
But, gazing back at the old dead Europe,
I think perhaps there is one thing worth achieving—
Escape the fate of Philoctetes, the essential solitude,
Achieve release, so that one's total nature
At all points meets another's
Whereby life becomes positive and immeasurably enriched.
Then something that is not oneself, a person,
Becomes so precious one would gladly die for it
And would certainly, or almost certainly,
Die or kill oneself if suddenly deprived of it. . . .

VI

Then I remembered the old Provence tale of the Eaten
Heart,
Which, like the tale of Philoctetes, is a sort of myth,
But filled with profound meaning if you can see it.
For it has the savage desire which can only grasp or kill
And the other love which is the complete exchange of two
natures,
And in the dreadful symbol of the eaten heart

It shows perhaps how a woman devours a man's life,
But it also shows how the man's gift of himself is total,
And the manner of her death shows how her response is
total.

Here you have the last variety of this tragedy;
For if we assume that the lovers really were released,
That the gift and the response were total,
Then we see how a woman's vanity and a man's imprudence
And the brutality of the world of men
(Who always envy the happiness of others
And hate nothing so much as the perfect communing of
lovers)
How these things bring a sudden and tragic ending
Leaving no fate for both but death.

We have lost or thrown away
The power to live in this positive tragic intensity—
For if life is not a tragedy it is nothing.

And even if the release takes place
And the dialogue of the two natures is perfect,
Still, the end must be tragic. It is easy to see that.
Though the fundamental, essential tragedy perhaps
(Some say "of course")
Is not death, but birth.

But if Euripides means what I think he means,
His prayer is vain;
None of those chosen can escape the escort of woe
And the harrying beyond the strength of a man.

VII

Not in a vortex of confusion
Not in a slow sucking marsh
Of stagnant habit
O gods let us die

Not under roofs of acquiescence
Guide us O moon
Bright face averted though loved
Not under those

Hot hounds of disaster
Swift steel of despair
Launch at us freely

Grant us clean shrift O gods
Pity us never

VIII

But was it this I meant to say?
No, for what we mean to say is never said.

It was a weak squabble with despair,
A verbose quibbling about Helen's hair.
What was he saying? That we talk too much?
By God, we do, and seldom utter truth.

Lucretius sat in his columned porch
In a Roman deck-chair, looking out to sea,
Watching men drown with eager
Scientific curiosity.
Watch me drown and afterwards
Tell me if I did it gracefully.
Ah, that's the thing, just do it gracefully
And listen to the grateful loud applause.
But, above all things, let it not discompose you,
Let not your earnestness appear. . . .

"Helen, you ate my heart."

"No, no, what a muddle you're in.
It was not Helen, but Margarida."

"Well, but has she played her part?
She ought to fall from the lip of the tower,
And there she is prettily eating fruit.
Or are we both buried in Perpignan,
In a single tomb in the southern isle

Which gave much scope to the sculptor's skill
And made him his name,
And an epitaph penned by the King himself?

Then this is one of those nasty dreams
Which come to dead men under the paving,
When the last cowled friar has shuffled to bed
And the church itself lies dead with the dead?"

Hush, you dead man, hush, be at rest;
The lettered slab is firm above you,
Solid the effigy, fixed the shield.
Your sighs and struggles will never move them,
Time will wreck them, but not you.—
Hush, you dead man, act a dead man's part
And leave to the living the life you lost.
You shall have prayers and masses,
All things we choose to give the dead,
But the thing you ask for you shall not have.

IX

Pray for the soul of Guilhem de Cabestanh,
Pray for the knight of the Eaten Heart.

:her,

No man has shed blood for my sake.

I armed my brother's hand
but shrank and trembled and wept
when the sword pierced her womb,
the woman men loved.

It was I who killed her;
who but a woman could have hated her so much?
Cold, cold, and an end to her hot loves.

But who has loved me,
what man shed blood for my sake?"

Troy's down,
long down,
and an old woman trembles in the sun.

II 1

Tender as early leaves on fragile boughs,
Slender as Isis,
Taut as supple metal—
How shall you be praised?

Syrinx no Pan shall pluck
For waxen reed-pipes;
You yourself music
Entranced and entrancing,
Piercing men's loins and breasts—
Pied Piper of lovers.

Frail mountain-ash
Weighted with coral fruit-clusters,
Your branches hold me,
Leaves murmur touching me.
My hand rests lightly upon you.

2

You are flowers and gems,
Flower-star-eyes!

What shall we gather to please you?
Corals and jade and lapis.
Steal the lapis from the Gesù
To make your necklaces and charms,
Jade from the Antipodes
Negro chains and beads
Blue Mexican pebbles.
But no, no pearls
The stones of dowagers and virgins.

Ah! but your flower-like
More precious even than your gem-like,
Your tenderness—

Here is cyclamen
That stands so stiff and pink
And has such honey at its heart,
And wild narcissus
Soft and scented like your little breasts,
And one carnation like an open jewel.

III

Gold head by black head
laid close on the pillow,
ripe yellow muscat grapes
warm from low sunlit slopes
mingled with the dark shy clusters
of cool black grapes
from the shy dark mountain side.

Gold, sun-scented clusters,
Black, violet-bloomed clusters,
exquisite fruition
of the mysterious vine
rooted in the dark red flesh of men,
in the aching ardent bodies of men—

what wine, what wine shall be poured from you
when you are crushed
(for you must be crushed,
the exquisite grape clusters
golden and black must be crushed,
give up their perfume and their strength)
when you are crushed in the hot wine-press?
For the ripe grape
with its exquisite mysterious wine,
its taste of perfumed life, dreads not the hot encompassing
press,
but yearns to be pressed into smooth wine
to stir the dark red flesh of men
where the vine roots
that bear the grape clusters
black clusters and gold clusters.

And the dark clusters
droop tenderly over the gold grapes,
and tender leaves of the vine
and faint delicate tendrils
drift together in a soft murmuring wind,
rippling over them,
blowing them together and apart.

Crush black grape and gold,
for our lips parch for the wine,

the wine of fulfillment,
the wine of reconciling,
the wine of peace.
For to drink that ardent mysterious wine
(ardent and mysterious as the bodies of men)
is a thing ultimate and positive,
a release of the body and the spirit.
If you attain that fulfillment,
achieve that reconciling,
then you achieve an ultimate peace,
Dionysiac peace
among the gold and black grape clusters
so mysteriously reborn
with all their fine bloom and potency
after they are crushed in the hot wine-press.

White fingers of Maenads
in the frenzy of the god
tear apart,
rend morsel from morsel
the dark red flesh of men,
the phallus-bearers,
the indispensable servitors
of the god's sacrifice,
impetuously and in frenzy
tear out quivering life.

But the crushed grapes bloom again,
and the torn body lives again
in fulfillment
and reconciling
and peace.

This is the mystic sacrifice
of the Dionysiac tearing of the flesh
and crushing of the grape clusters.
The old gods are the most living,
the primitive mysteries the most purifying,
the most ancient symbols the truest.

Black grape and gold grape
and dark flesh rent.

IV
Be not too eager
impetuously to intervene,
for these are subtle growths
hard to control.

How easily the spring may swerve
to an empty wind.
Cold irony, to grasp so soon
the fleshless hand.

This was a delicate thing
lies broken here,
as if a shaft of night
should kill the dawn.

There can be no appeal
from waste and death,
nothing for us to act
or hope or speak.

All speech, all movement vain,
all hope defeat;
useless to say farewell,
useless to weep.

Drink, since you must, this strange
foretaste of death,
and suffer that despair
to share your bed.

V

1

Be unto me as sunlight
Revealed and revealing the
Infinite life-spaces, hitherto darkly
Guarded by death-dragons; and

In beautiful radiance
Touch me alive with slender rays.

2

Lips that never lost their sweetness,
Nor formed a bitter line;
Delicate frail face and forehead,
Eyes of pain,
Eyes of a sweet hurt child,
Eyes that touch me to the heart—
O that for long and long
I might feel your presence,
Eyes with a dawn in them.

3

When I returned to London
After a long absence,
The beautiful scarlet motor-buses
Seemed like gay lacquered coaches.

A little later they appeared
As sinister red hearses
Conveying the dead souls
Of a nation.

4

Think well of me, but not too well.
I would not seem to fail you,
As I must,
If you esteem me overmuch;
But love me more than well,
For too much love
Was never known beneath the sun,
And only your great love
Can soothe that shame
Of knowing me unworthy of your love.

5

Yes, I have cried my pain aloud
But left the deeper bitterer grief unspoken;
Yes, I have been misjudged
But thought it proper to respect my judges;
Yes, I have been betrayed
But paid the traitors with ironic kisses;
Yes, I have suffered wrongs,
Been punished for my virtues,
Found my best gifts counted as my worst sins. . . .
But what of that?
You see I smile and smile, and stay a villain.

VI

And I shall wait
while the huge wind
passes
whitening the barren blue sea-acres
and the wild olive-trees
while the wind sobs
and violently knocks at window and door
shaking the room with a passion of grief
until my heart shakes with it
I shall wait
in the still places of the soul
behind the talk and tears
I shall wait
and behind other sighs and kisses
and less urgent thoughts
I shall wait
because I have looked into eyes
of dawn and twilight
kissed the lips of her
who is my sister and my flesh
and the blood shaking in my heart
I shall wait
yes I shall wait
for a word the beckoning of a white hand

I shall wait yes yes
and the inevitable heart-break
I shall await

VII

They say the lion and
but here lizards life-flashes
over stormy rocks why
do the english hate life
but so does raucous italy
fingering cento lire
                but
that oleander mouth is
diverse spiriting wavering
                in agate eyes
the inner fire consumes
                and life renews

VIII

I shall buy a parrot,
I shall call it Maude Cambronne;
It shall be present at all my Waterloos.
Snap loud, parrot.

We shall drift upon the river
And read romantic books
To the music of a record
Playing César Franck or Strauss;
Snap loud, parrot.

Cynical, explosive parrot,
Are you honest as you're shrill?
Do you lure me, feathered Faustus,
Down the tarry paths of hell?
Snap loud, parrot.

Do I live for copulation?
Do I live for ham and wine?
O my parrot, raven-hearted,
O my parrot, not yet mine?
Snap loud, parrot.

When I air my witless folly,
When I dogmatise in print,
When I lull the shuddering terrors
With a cradle-tune of cant;
Snap loud, parrot.

Parrot, when I'm half-successful,
When I think I'm rather good,

When I'm half inclined to purchase
Half-indulgences from God.
Snap loud, parrot.

I shall buy a parrot,
I shall call it Maude Cambronne;
It shall be present at all my Waterloos.
Snap loud, parrot.

IX

Ci-gît un homme de paille,
Né, sans avoir de naissance,
Fastueux, quant à la taille,
Heureux, dans les lieux d'aisance;
Il n'avait pas beaucoup d'espoir
Et se fichait bien d'en avoir.

Il n'aimait pas beaucoup Dieu
Qui le lui rendait bien,
Il donnait des torts à c'Vieux:
Et Dieu n'lui donnait—rien.
Ainsi, de saison en saison,
Il perdait jusqu'à la raison.

O Passant, qui lis cest mots
Inscrits sur une tombe sans croix,

Va ton chemin, mon beau,
Et bénis le Néant, notre roi.
Adieu, mes amis et mes poules,
Adieu, àdieu—tas de moules.

X

Unyielding
there is no way out
mosaic mask threatens and laughs
that blood was wasted
so were his hers mine
I always knew that brought the gravest pang
there is no way out
who said so? he said so
No I said so
up those winding stairs
so long and tedious to mount alone
always the mosaic mask
that nothing says and says too much
there is no way out
except the inevitable final plunge
and that's not soon
And yet too soon
round and up they wind
and up and round
blind feeling with finger tips

RICHARD ALDINGTON

up and round
there is no way out
but why have entered?
yes why have entered?
entered? well the mask said enter
so beautiful a mask
I forgot the blood
so beautifully so like a god
said enter I forget the blood
ran stumbling upwards too eagerly
then the mask changed
and yes there is no way out

SEPADS: A MODERN POEM

(To Walter Lowenfels)

I

Let nothing stand between you
        and water thrills.
Unless you snap the lever
        swank looks like a pin.
So many fascinating possibilities
        fully practical
In individual triangular portions,
correctly planning the miraculous cloth
        and wet sticky sand.

These fellows who cop all
        are as comfortable
as bare feet in amethysts,
alexandrite, kunzite, zircons.

That dark-brown morning taste
        whose four great routes
penetrate and explore
soft-covered elastic threads
        (no drain pipe)
highly illustrated without binding or bunching!

Get your shoulders into it,
sparkling windows,
        when orange blossoms are a memory
in yellow and turquoise
        of these smiling sentinels,
your facial loveliness
        without excessive foaming
or liquefying, mile after mile.

Although English in origin
you'll find him of real assistance
until the great round-bellied pot is full.

A procession of wooden horses
        properly buttressed
At the sides with many thousands of miles,
with lustrous chromium bands,
        thundering machinery,
gulf blue, mellow cream, niagara green,
concentrated, homogenized and
        almost unbelievable.

Slash at it murderously.

When trails tough beaches beckon
        off with a leap.

WJZ WBZ WBZA WHAM WREN
KDKA WTMJ KSTP

With the question of body beauty
uppermost
all this is natural and logical.
Send that parrot away and
look to strange corners;
684,000,000 horsepower
makes the finish last longer—
finger-tip steering of
to-day's lithe young man and
slender young woman
very modern, tough, amber-colored,
white and brown,
completely transparent wrapping.
(It's so good that
you'll want to hurry.)

Heavy, heavy, hangs over head
the world's dietic urge.

Have you heard it yet?
The magic mellow melody?
Twenty-eight to thirty-seven dollars!

Even in feminine hands
        the jerks and sudden rebounds
of sinewy cords completely cushioned
        are ductile
and create unusual excitement,
kneading and working together,
        fiery, hot,
pipe and nipple:
fast as a fish,
        dyed forever!
O woman's perpetual search
        for something different!
(Originality in every art
        proclaims the master.)
Hair and skin emanations—
        the lustre dies—
catch on a cellar window.

Are you the type of woman
        conveniently located everywhere now?
Mild, delicious, smooth?
        Super-dynamic speaker, power-pack,
                over a coast-to-coast hook-up?
Staunch under punishment, smartest and snappiest,
        decidedly up to the minute?
Eureka!

JOHN COURNOS

JOHN COURNOS

SHYLOCK'S CHOICE

A Play in One Act

(SCENE: *Night. Interior of a Venetian counting-room. The shutters are up, the doors latched and barred. Behind a counter a table piled up with papers. On the table a seven-candled candelabra, but only one of the seven candles is lit, and its light is faintly diffused on the papers and on the several objects usually found in a sixteenth century counting-room. In the penumbra, in a half-reclining attitude, is discovered, seated, the contemplative figure of Shylock, obviously in deep study. A clock on the wall, barely visible, ticks away the seconds. A knock is heard on the outer door. Shylock shakes himself, raises his head with a start. The knock is repeated, this time louder.*)

SHYLOCK: Who knocks?

TUBAL *(from the outside)*: It is I, Tubal.

SHYLOCK *(rising and shuffling to the door, in his long gabardine, pushes back the bar and holds the door ajar)*: Sholem aleichem,[1] Tubal.

TUBAL: Aleichem sholem,[2] Shylock!

(1) Hebrew greeting, meaning: "Peace be to thee!"
(2) The same reversed: "To thee be peace!"

SHYLOCK: What is afoot, Tubal? What brings thee at this late hour? Nothing amiss, I trust!

TUBAL: Nothing, yet . . . an evil spirit hath kept me awake, would not let me rest, urged me hither.

SHYLOCK: Come in, Tubal. Sit thee down, Tubal. We belong to a sleepless nation. The Gentile dogs, sleek in their godless vainglory, may sleep; not we. When the great Adonai chose us from among the nations, He gave us fire and fortitude and infinite patience, and above all this gift of sleeplessness, lest in our unwary slumber our foes come with their devices and destroy us. Ah, the dogs . . .

TUBAL *(perturbed)*: I have come, Shylock. . . . I could not sleep, because . . .

SHYLOCK *(unheeding)*: Never mind, Tubal. There is always time for sleep. The time shall come, good Tubal, when the God of Israel—blessed be His name!—brooding upon this extensive universe, whose author He is, will bethink Himself of His children and put it into their power to smite their foes with that skill and surety with which young David smote Goliath in an open field. But until that felicitous moment doth come, we must be even as Judith, who did confound the mighty Holofernes by craft and cunning. . . .

TUBAL: But, Shylock, hear me. I have come to . . .

SHYLOCK: Oh, were but Judith my own daughter! She did use the blade well, Tubal. 'Twas a sharp blade, Holofernes' own, but not more sharp, nor more firm, nor better tempered

than the natural instrument which that Master Craftsman, the God of Israel, so richly bestowed upon her at very birth. We intelligent men call it mind; moreover, 'tis mind allied with spirit; 'tis delicate yet unconquerable. Mind! There's the Jew's weapon! Understand, Tubal. It saved our nation then, will save it again, and yet again. Depend on it!

TUBAL: 'Tis true. Judith saved Israel.

SHYLOCK: A Jewess, a most noble woman. Did Judith rob her father of his ducats and squander them with the connivance of Israel's enemies? Did she pollute her body in a Gentile's bed, willingly, and betray her nation in amorous caresses with an uncircumcised dog who mocked her nation? Oh, can there be baser treachery? Cursed be thou, Jessica! False to thy nation, false to thy father, false to dear Leah's memory, trebly a harlot!

TUBAL: Be calm, Shylock, restrain thy righteous rage. I entreat thee, for thy own cause. There's tomorrow. Thou mayest need all thy strength tomorrow. I have been much concerned about thee and tomorrow's judgment. I have come to speak to thee anent this matter. Tomorrow's on my mind. I cannot sleep when I think on tomorrow.

SHYLOCK *(springing up in great excitement from his chair and clutching Tubal by the sleeve)*: Tell me, Tubal, dost thou know aught about tomorrow that I do not already know? Dost thou mean thou art sleepless on my account, art in the grip of apprehension lest I, Shylock, demanding jus-

tice, shall be cheated in the Court tomorrow of an honest judgment? Tell me, tell me what thy knowledge is!

TUBAL: Nothing precise. . . . Well, thou art not ignorant how they hate and mock us. . . .

SHYLOCK: Is that all? What of that? Shall I fear, then, barking dogs? We Jews feed on mockery, it sharpens our wits. Adversity helps to preserve our nation. When trod upon, Israel doth acquire new life, new strength, develops a sturdier, fiercer growth; in that we follow the example of the hardy camomile, the plant thou hast heard me speak of. . . . Such is our nation. . . .

TUBAL: Yet, Shylock, listen to a friend, a fellow-sufferer, a Jew.

SHYLOCK: Tubal, if thou hast come to dissuade me from tomorrow's design, I will not listen. Though thou wert a thousand times a Jew and friend, nothing, nothing shall move me from my purpose. I shall have my bond. Or there is no justice in Venice, and no God in Israel. Speak, Tubal, speak, if there be pertinence in what thou hast to say. But in this my mind is made up, adamant.

TUBAL: There have been murmurings today on the Rialto.

SHYLOCK: What are murmurings to me? I am not a child to be frightened from my purpose by murmurings. Murmurings are nothing new to our nation. Ever since the Pharaohs, and again since the Dispersion, there have been murmur-

ings, and continue they shall until the new Messiah come. What are murmurings to me, Tubal? I am a Jew.

TUBAL: There have been rumours in the market-place that Antonio's friends have engaged distinguished advocates to plead his cause.

SHYLOCK: The law is on my side, Tubal. If they engage Beelzebub himself, they cannot evade the law. Venice, for her own honour, cannot afford to have the law evaded.

TUBAL: That is admitted. Yet it is also agreed there's no precedent of a Jew being granted sanction over the life of a Christian, and Antonio's friends, pending judgment, have engendered hatred and fury in the multitude. If thou dost win and exact thy bond, it may go hard with thee.

SHYLOCK: What dost thou counsel, then, Tubal? Would'st thou have me swallow all the insults and humiliations, all the gibes and taunts heaped upon me by that paragon of Christian virtue, Antonio? Would'st have me, publicly, in the presence of the august Court, disavow the bond, release Antonio from obligation, the same that called me dog, hindered me diversely in affairs of livelihood, helped to dispossess me of my daughter, conspired to destroy me? Would'st have me bow my head in low humility and say with honeyed tongue: "Kind sir, I thank thee. Most heartily I thank thee. Come again when thou art in sore need, good Antonio. I am Shylock, thy slave, always at thy service. In the meantime, as thou art a Christian, practised in the art of

Christian charity, so thou mayest spit on me, or pull my grey beard, if such be thy mood and inclination. I am but a Jew, hence thy sport, a thing for thee and thy associates to mock at, at thy pleasure!"

TUBAL: I've but come to tell thee . . .

SHYLOCK *(interrupting)*: Ere thou proceed, good Tubal, mark thou this: When I did seal the bond with Antonio I had no premonition, nor the slightest inkling that Antonio's fortunes would go thus far astray, leaving him a beggar and a bankrupt so wholeheartedly at my mercy. There's the hand of God in it, Tubal. The God of Israel hath long looked with a jealous and wrathful eye on this most arrogant Christian, and now God hath put him in my hand to avenge the wrong he hath done His nation. Rest assured, there's divine judgment in it. And if God Himself hath so willed it and hath decreed the punishment of this infidel, shall I, His servant, stumble and hesitate in a Heaven-imposed task? Shall I incur the wrath of the God of Israel by acquiescence, a passive violation of His sanction and command? As it is, I am living for tomorrow's enterprise. Fear not, thou shalt find my hand steady, my blade sharp. Israel's foes will be confounded. Now, what hast thou to say, Tubal?

TUBAL: But this, Shylock. The Lord's ways are inscrutable. Thou mayest be right, yet I fear tomorrow. Thy coming ordeal fills me with dread.

SHYLOCK: Not me. Tomorrow will find me firm. The pros-

pect of tomorrow fills me with indescribable elation.

TUBAL: I was going to say: there were rumours current today that Antonio's friends will offer a handsome ransom for the Christian merchant's life, twice or even thrice the original sum stipulated in the bond; perchance a greater, as circumstance dictates.

SHYLOCK: Well! . . . What's that to me?

TUBAL: Shylock, I am thy friend. As thou knowest, I have thy interest and the interest of Jewry at heart. Take my humble counsel. Accept the money the Christians offer, since they are minded to pay, and pay well. Hearken to Tubal, who means well; lest ill befall thee, which God forbid! I tell thee, Shylock, I am filled with foreboding. I could not sleep tonight for thoughts of evil which doth threaten thee.

SHYLOCK: Fie, Tubal, thou art a craven heart. Bethink thee, Tubal, of Judas Maccabeus, the great hero whom we Jews celebrate during the Feast of Lights. Did not he and his Maccabean tribe, a mere handful of dauntless fellows, defy Antiochus most gloriously? Did they stay their blades because they feared the vengeance of doughty foes? Not they! Nor shall I fear the Christians. I am Shylock. Shylock's eminence, the house he hath built and the chattels and wealth therein, were won by the sharp and finely tempered blade of his mind. Tomorrow it shall not fail him.

TUBAL: If reason were all, Shylock, then I should be ex-

peditiously and irrevocably convinced. But tonight I am possessed of a most curious, a most inexplicable apprehension, which defies all reason, and as friend to friend and Jew to Jew I do passionately appeal: "Be circumspect. Thy enemies conspire to do thee harm!"

SHYLOCK: Listen, Tubal. Listen! What I shall reveal now, I had not intended to reveal to a living soul. I do so but to allay thy anxiety. Thy earnest solicitude doth move me to confession. My tomorrow's enterprise is a matter of undreamt-of magnitude. It should confound the knaves, send them scurrying from the Court like the slinking curs they are, with lowered heads, and tails between their legs! Ha! Ha! Ha! Tubal. Ha! Ha! Ha! I have a plan, a deep, a well-conceived, a diabolic plan. . . . *(Pauses, while his eyes sparkle expectantly).*

TUBAL: How? What is thy plan?

SHYLOCK: A simple matter, Tubal. I will illustrate *(rising and drawing a short, slightly curved blade out of a scabbard).* Stand up, Tubal! 'Tis a fine old Moorish blade that will not suffer in the light. Cunning craftsmen, those Moors. A thousand pities they had been worsted by the Christian dogs in Spain. *(Tries the edge with a finger, then runs the finger up and down the flat side of the blade.)* Now, this blade shall accompany me on tomorrow's enterprise. Supposing, now, they begin tomorrow's legal ceremony by offering the three thousand ducats stipulated in the bond, plus interest. I will refuse most promptly. Then, perhaps, indeed

'tis most likely, they'll offer, as thou hast heard it rumoured, twice the sum, nay thrice, or even double or treble that again! Hesitate? Not I! I shall refuse it with courteous promptness. They shall plead then for his life with hypocritical entreaties. What pleasure shall be mine to see the beggars passionately implore for a cur's life! And that, Tubal, of a despised Jew! But plead heartily as they may, I shall turn a deaf ear to their piteous whining, and remain steadfast and adamant. The court is bound to render judgment in my favour. Then the real comedy shall begin, ay surely! I promise you some rollicking fun before the session doth terminate. *(Pause. Shylock assumes a contemplative attitude.)*

TUBAL: Well.... What then?

SHYLOCK *(suddenly galvanized into life by Tubal's question. His eyes blazing, knife still in his hand, he catches Tubal by his gabardine. With a spasmodic movement he brings the knife within an eighth of an inch of Tubal's bosom. Tubal is too frightened for speech.)*: What then? What then? Thus, thus, Tubal, when the judgment is rendered will I bring my knife within an ace of Antonio's bosom! Thus, thus will I stand and look unflinchingly in his affrighted eyes, while the Invisible Deity, He of the Unutterable Name, shall applaud me and give me strength to terminate my enterprise with an ultimate finality which shall leave Israel's foes breathless! For even while Antonio stands there in a state of petrifaction like a frightened hare

before the enchantment of the wise serpent, will I, with a grand gesture, fling my weapon from me thus! *(drops the knife on the floor)* and release my clutch hold from my prey *(takes his hand from Tubal)*. "Go, go, Antonio! Thy life is not worth the taking! My religion doth forbid me to touch the flesh of certain animals, while my natural courtesy will not allow me to call their name, lest it offend thee. As thou art a Christian, so thou hast surely read regarding the wise injunction in the Book of Genesis. I have enacted this play but to teach thee better manners. Go, Antonio! Keep thy ducats, and mine too! But go! Get thee out of my sight!" . . . Ah, and we, you and I, Tubal, will have a celebration. . . . My enterprise will be published far and wide, to our foes' dismay, and bring me profitable undertakings, without hinder from hypocritical Antonio and the other shamefaced Christians, who in the past have spoiled my ventures and have interfered with the enrichment of my treasury. For never, never shall Antonio look upon me again but think: "I owe my life to this Jew!" Tomorrow will be a marvellous, a memorable, an historic day! For, when I have flung the knife from me, innocent of blood it might have shed, my business will be done, and, my head high, I shall stalk out of the Court, proud, yet full of irrepressible mirth. . . . And as I shall strut past the dismayed, astonished spectators, how I shall laugh! How I shall laugh, Tubal! Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha! How I shall laugh, Tubal, good Tubal! Ha! ha! ha! . . .

GOD'S FACE

I have seen God's face, and having seen it nearly died. My sin was knowledge, when I saw Him I knew this: There was no difference between us, that is, none save one, a thing both great and small: He had eternity. A gulf of time, time only, separated us. All time was His, infinity. But I—I felt the poverty of my time-purse, and when that is spent, with the next tide, or the next, must die.

When He saw me look upon His face His wrath was great. He unsheathed a blade of lightning, and as He swung and lifted it, I waited for Him to smite. Seeing me stand bold and unafraid, calm to meet the blow, seeming glad to die, His uplifted arm remained poised in mi air, a smile was born upon His face. He put His head l am and guffawed, as only God can. e cun-

Instants passed. With resumed dignitn false without mockery, He said: "Is it not worth somethe houses life I gave you, that you meet the glance of death e shape of unflinching? Do you not value God's gift that ur face, and beg to keep it, the alloted three score and ten? authority to have and all you are, I have bestowed out of M Satan. charity!" nd I will say: 'I

"Oh God, Oh Father! It is for the very cause that I prize the gift of life and all that life portends that I will have none of it. I have been robbed even of this too brief divinity by Your million slaves who will not let me live as befits one in God's own image made! I cannot use the gift You have bestowed, the gift that has made a bestower of me, with none to bestow upon!

"Life unbestowed turns to thoughts of death, love denied to hatred and scorn, only these one may bestow! Yet I value much one gift You gave, since it is that, and that alone, which has given me courage to face Your wrath, without fears or qualms. It is a gift, this gift of seeing beauty, it kills and saves.

"For when I saw You, I marked at once the beauty of Your undying face, and then when You grew angry, I grew ecstatic wth the new lit-up beauty of Your
e, its angry life-bestowing animation, and with the grace sha
beauty of Your arm drawing forth out of a sheath of
to th
the blade of lightning, whose swinging radiance let
an his
a glimpse, if glimpse only, of the Promised Land.
innoce
"The beauty of Your angry face, and of Your
done, ar
poised before the downward stroke, in a gesture
proud, yet
ury: All this beauty held me still, in rapture and
past the dis
t, and in my ecstasy and gladness my heart
How I shall
od! Now that I have seen this, smite!' " God
shall laugh, T
rds, and said:

"What held My arm from smiting was your courage, the beauty of you, standing defiant against your God. Then, I could not help laughing, for I thought: 'I have created man in My own image and that which stands defiant in this man is the soul of his Creator. To quarrel with that would be to quarrel with Myself. To slay him for what is divine in him would be to slay what is in him of Myself. It would not be seemly for God to be angry at His own reflection in the glass!'

"So now, descend from this, the peak you have scaled with so much travail and suffering. Descend, and speak to man. Tell them of My glory, the glory of My face, the beauty and glory of My anger, and of the love that flames in My uplifted sword of lightning, whose gleam alone confers calamity or ecstasy or peace. Then, perhaps, their faces will light up with My divinity, their image truly resemble Mine!"

"Oh God, Oh Father, forgive me if I am bold, if I suggest another plan. Have You not given me cunning, is not now the time to use it? Men, nourished on false illusions, greedy for money and comforts, and large houses and motor cars, and worshipping new idols in the shape of bath-tubs, will not believe that I have seen Your face, and Your priests and pulpit-men will deny my authority to speak. They will say, I have not seen God, but Satan.

"Well, then, I will speak and I will say: 'I

have come to tell you about myself. I will tell you of how I came to be, of how I was born and of how I died, of how I was born again, of my several rebirths.

" 'I will tell you of the universe that lives in me, of the conflicts that wage in me, of the reconcilements that come to pass in me, of the antipathies and contradictions that abide in me, of the hates and loves that contend in me, of the angers and griefs that embrace in me, of the floods of fire that fall in great cataracts in me.'

"And when they have heard me they will seek for these things in themselves, and in seeking them they shall find them, and in finding them they will find the Godhead in all these things, and the masks that hide them will crack and crumble, and the light of God will shine in all its glory, and the beauty of the revelation will smother their false shame. Shame, indeed, will cease to be, and love and hate will wed and be one, and the lightning of wrath will beget sons of delight."

And God said: "You are right, My son, I have spoken but to test your wisdom. Your plan is good. Go, do as you say, and I shall be with you. Two invisible messengers will I lend you, one to hold up your right arm, the other your left. One shall be an angel of love and light, and at his touch you will radiate light. The other shall be sleek and dark and strong, full of serpent's cunning and of dragon's fire and of the irrepressible forces of Satan. And what the

first shall give, the second shall disperse among many. For he is life and the source of all life, the seed-bearer and the sower. And dark is he and sleek and strong, planter of the Godhead."

And so I left the presence of God, and descended to speak to men.

H. D.

H. D.

IN THE RAIN

1.
I said,
"the town bird
lifts a lordlier head,"
you said,
"the wild-swan only is kingly";
had I run less swiftly
across the square
(in the rain)
I had had breath to explain;
"but this,
but this—"
O kiss
that you did not give,
O name of tenderness
that you did not name.

2.
I am glad;
the cold is a cloak,

the gold on the wet stones
is a carpet laid;
my hands clutch at the rain,
no pain in my heart
but gold,
gold,
gold
on my head,
a crown;
while the rain pours down
and the gutters run,
(the lake is over-flowing
and sodden,)
I say to myself,
"I am glad he never said good-bye
nor questioned me why
I was late."

3.
You were late yesterday,
I'm late to-day,
but he didn't say,
"I'm sorry
I kept you waiting,"
(the rain beats in my eyes again,)
I lifted my face,

surprised
to see no answer in his,
no kiss,
(love is a trap,
a snare,)
a bird
lifted a passionless wing;
nothing,
nothing was ever so fair
as the wonder that clutched at me there
unaware
under the rain;
my brain sang
a rhythm I never dreamt to sing,
"I will be gay and laugh and sing,
he is going away,"
I sang and sang under my breath,
"can death offer a sweeter thing?
I am free,
I am free;
O pavements spread me your gold,
I am young,
I am young,
I am young
whom Love
had made old."

4.
I will be free,
no lover's kiss
to bind me to earth,
no bliss of love
to counteract
actual bliss,
(the wind,
the rain)
no pain of love
to cut the fibre of joy
that the wind is cold,
that the old, old streets
are beautiful
and the way to the temple,
that the court will yet be bountiful
with box-tree
and myrtle,
that the grove has recompense
of dedmet
and mehet-tree incense,
and that some day
I will care:

then
the air

will be full of multiple wings;
the fountain-basin bare
of ripple and circlet, will spring
into life,
will duplicate ring
on translucent ring
of amethyst water,
purple
and rare
crimson;
the naked pillar will show
vermilion;
in the empty square
the god will stand
with his bow
and intimate arrows;
my heart will quiver and bow,
I will start,
remember
the touch of your hand on my brow,
(it was burning,
you healed it,
it was parched
and you cooled it)
but now,
I can walk by the shrine

and the sacred rows
of transplanted apples,
(Cydonian?)
a barbarian,
an ignorant stranger
who knows
nothing of love.

5.
Doves
circle and glitter and flare
wing and feather,
very-stare
of the upper air
(where Love is)
do I care?
I seek sustenance
otherwise;
elsewhere
I find
shelter;
I bind
the dark, dark fibre
of laurel;
spite of you,
spite of all,

to spite
and in respite,
I will bow
to one God;
(O intimate song,
my Lord,
O fire
and the Word,);
I will leave
your personified things,
find strength
by an empty altar.

6.
Don't come there,
don't come,
you have all the world,
go anywhere,
everywhere,
you have cloak and wings and a rod,
all the paths are yours,
all, all the altars
save one,
this one
of my intimate God;
don't come near,

go here,
there,
where you will,
you are Hermes,
Lord-of-the-dead,
you are a man,
feigning the god-head
or a god pretending a man's weakness,
a man's wiles,
frowning
or swift to smile,
you a god above
and a god below,
Hermes,
treading the track of the dead;
you said,
"you were late yesterday;
had a staunch heart bled
at a casual word
from a casual word
from a casual man?
a god said,
"you were late";

you go to the under-world
or the gate of heaven,

while I tread
an earth
devoid of your touch,
(unutterable bliss,)
thank God,
devoid of your kiss.

7.
Your head
is bound with the myrtle,
is bound with the bay,
is bound with the red
rose;
God knows
(being God)
why you stay with us,
why you trifle and traffic
and play
with us;
if you lose,
if you gain,
do you care?

a snare is Love,
a shame,
who are maimed with Love,

totter and falter and stare,
lost in a world
defamed,
bound round the ankles with violets,
with myrrh
and with half-opened myrrh,
trailing unutterable sweet
and lost,
lost,
lost;
a wreck,
a circumscribed thing
is a man's heart,
touched of the wing
of immortal ecstasy,
we are maimed and weak
and yet

I was dead
and you woke me,
now you are gone,
I am dead.

IF YOU WILL LET ME SING

If you will let me sing,
that God will be
gracious to each of us,
who found his own wild Daphne
in a tree,
who set
on desolate plinth,
image
of Hyacinth.

CHANCE MEETING

1.
Take from me something,
be it all too fine
and untranslatable and worthless
for your purpose,
take it,
it's mine;
no one can give as I give,
none can say,
"take bountifully and smile
and go away,
then, hate forever;
do not stoop to send
the little missive
that might slay or end
this pain forever."

Your one word might stay
the pain;
but do not send it;

keep yourself out of it,
intransient;
finish what you have begun,
write swiftly
with a stylus
dipped in sun
and tears
and blood,
rain,
hail
and snow;
dip stylus in the beauty of the translatable
things you know;
the things I have
are nameless,
old and true;
they may not be named;
few may live and know.

2.
Our hands that did not touch,
might have met once,
might just have gathered
this one in this one;
impersonal fire beyond us
might have rushed

into our fingers;

we'd have known then
(being true)
one of the other;
our hands might have crushed
red petal
of an island rose,
have done
with vanity of written word
and rhyme,
might have known once
(just in those fingers)
other's leaves and stones,
touched Miletus,
known Samos,
lifted stones
from a small shelf
at Delos,
let grass slip
and sea-weed,
(dead ten thousand years ago
that withers never)
in between our hands,
laughed
even;

heaven is a near
translatable thing;
it's here,
it's there - - - -

3.
I thought my thought
might spoil your thought,
being fierce and rare,
holding bright points
as stars in the mid-air,
slaying and hating
that which it loves most,
even as the sun
the host of stars at night;
even as the sun
must slay the stars
by day,
I thought my thought
would slay

I thought your thought
was rare,
made maps for men,
the words you write
are chart and rudder in a storm

or bright
as light-house
set above the shoals;

I thought your stars
must shine for men,
while mine,
must shine alone,
invisible,
to dominate me at noon
while others say,
"the stars are gone,
how odd to see
even a wisp of moon,
by day";

I say,
I thought that you might share my thought,
might cry,
"The stars are shining,
ringed about with the intolerable light
of the sun."

4.
Why did I think of others,
(being untrue,)

say to myself,
"this one
and this
and this
were wrecked by you,"
say,
"you have taken
ruthless and with power,
a burning glass
that concentrates;
the fire
once stolen,
you reject the ash,
you take the spirit,
let the body go,
to wander like the ghosts
Achilles knew."
why did I hesitate?
I heard a voice,
reiterate an oracle that gravely spoke:
"you took and did not give,
you praised and knew
the song they made was worthless
and the note
they sung
was dross,

heavy and leaden by your silver-note,
the throat they lifted to bared winds
was slain
by voices in the wind;
you heard,
they did not hear;
you used them as the oracle, the seer
that speaks numb and unheeding what he
says,
you bled them of their genius,
being dear
to oracle and altar of the Sun,
we say,
you took whatever fire there was
and left them without love
and without power;

desire crept to your knees,
you took it not to warm yourself
but to tempt near
the things that otherwise must perish
in the wind
and fire."

5.
You didn't know

those gods that pass,
those feet that come and go,
the parting of the curtain
where waves swell,
the holy sands,
the sunken holy well,
the wave that burns
and breaks a sharper blue
because for just one moment
some deft thought
severed the curtain
of that "then" and "now."

You thought as poets think,
suavely it's true,
and you could turn
intricate river-runnies into words,
tell
wave-lengths in brave metres;
all the same
the spell
had passed you,
left you comfortless;
you did not sense the wings beyond the
gate;
you could not see,

you could not touch and feel,
actually the sea-sand
and the sea-shell.

If you had caught my hand,
we would have dipped
our fingers
in an icy river,
sipped
a nectar
that had spoiled your life,
slain sister,
daughter,
mother,
friend and wife,
demanded headier loves
than your heart knew.

CHOROS TRANSLATIONS
(From the Bacchae)

1.
Who is there,
who is there in the road?
who is there,
who is there in the street?
back,
back each to his house,
let no one,
no one speak;
chasten your tongues;
O cease
from murmuring,
for swift,
I cry with every note
of consecrated speech
my song to Dionysos.

O happy, happy each
man whom predestined fate
leads to the holy rite

of hill and mountain worship;
O blessed, blessed spirit
who seeks the mountain goddess,
Cybele mother-spirit,
who carrying aloft
the thyrsis ivy-wrapt
waits upon
Dionysos.

Bacchantes,
swift,
be swift,
invoke and draw him back
from Phrygian mountain peaks,
(God's son whom God begot)
back to the broad paved
sacred towns
of Greece.

2.
O Thebes,
Semele's nurse,
crown,
crown yourself with oak leaf
and dance,
dance,

dance
ecstatic;
bind white wool
to the deer pelt,
lift high
the sacred narthex,
and dance until the earth dance;
the earth must dance
when Bromios
conducts
his sacred high priests
from hill
to distant hill peak,
(those women whom the distaff
no longer claims
nor spun cloth)
driven mad,
mad,
mad
by Bacchus.

3.
Ah, it is sweet on the hills
to dance in sacred faun-pelt,
to dance until one falls faint,
to beat the sacred dance-beat

until one drops down
worn out;
ah, it is sweet to rush
on then
to Phrygian hill peaks,
to taste the sacred raw flesh
of mystic sacred goat-meat;
ah, it is sweet,
ah, sweet
the Lydian hills with Bromios;
Evoe,
Bromios leads us,
bearing aloft the narthex,
himself
even as the pine-torch,
himself the flame and torch-light,
cries,
on,
on,
on;
the fields drip
honey
and wine
and white mild;
the torches smell of incense;
on,

on
cries Bacchus, Bromios,
rousing the wandering wild pack,
enchanting them with glad shouts,
tossing his glorious hair loose;
he chants,
he cries,
O, O forth
golden
as gold-decked Tmolos;
Bacchantes
beat deep drum-note,
with Phrygian chant,
sing Evios,
with sacred flute
and sweet notes
incite,
incite our wild dance
from hill
to distant hill peak;

so hearing him,
Bacchantes
leap out,
and as the wild-colt
in meadows

round its mare's feet,
they beat
ecstatic dance-beat.

4.

Strophe. Again,
again in the night,
shall I beat white feet in delight
of the dance
to Dionysos?
shall I bare my throat to the night
air
and the dew in the night?
again shall my pulses beat
like the deer
escaped from the net,
from the knots
and the huntsman's shouts,
from the hounds
and the hunting riot?
shall I lie in the meadows sweet,
escaped,
escaped from the lot
of men,
like a faun in the desert,
like a wind

by the river bank?
again,
again
shall I rest
ecstatic in loneliness,
apart in the haunted forest,
hidden by leaf
and leaf-branch?

O which of the gifts of the gods
is the best gift?
this,
this,
this,
this;
escape
from the power of the hunting pack,
and to know that wisdom is best
and beauty
sheer holiness.

Antistrophe. Hard,
hard it is to wake the gods,
but once awake,
hard,
hard,
hard is the lot

of the ignorant man,
fanatic,
saying the gods are not;
cunning,
cunning their nets,
hiding time's long, long tracks,
snaring the wretch;
think not
by thought to escape
predestined fate;
it is so easy to know
wisdom is right,
easy,
easy to bow
to God in His might;
doubt not,
rather accept;
daemons have strength,
ritual is rooted in earth,
ancient and blest.

O which of the gifts of the gods
is the best gift?
this,
this,
this,

this;
escape
from the power of the hunting pack
and to know that wisdom is best
and beauty
sheer holiness.

Epode. Hope
has manifold power,
hope,
hope
has manifold face
to manifest men,
each different;
some win,
some fall;
happy, happy he
who safe from the sea
find his sea-port
and home;
happy, happy he
who rests
when his work is done;
happy the man of wealth,
happy of power,
but happier, happier far

I count
mysterious,
mystical happiness,
this one
who finds
day by day,
hour by hour,
mysterious,
mystical,
not to be spoken
bliss.

5.

Strophe. Stalk,
stalk the prey,
away,
away to the hills,
hell-hounds of madness,
swift;
leap toward the hideous freak,
this monster of wickedness,
track Pentheus down,
the clown,
mimic in woman's dress;
on to the hills,
the rest

leave to his mother first,
leave to the dancing host,
let the wild Maenaeds press
toward him who would betray;
hear,
hear his mother cry:
arise,
arise and slay
incarnate wickedness,
a god-less man
and unjust;
who, who has borne this beast,
no woman,
rather she
whelp of a desert lion
or Libyan Gorgoness;
who,
who has dared appear?
(hear,
hear his mother first,
spying him from the covert,
from the steep ledge of hillock,)
hear,
hear,
O Bacchus,
see

who desecrates the hills,
the hills belong to us,
invoke,
invoke
armed Justice,
let Dike stand forth manifest,
let her step forth and slay,
slash him across the throat,
this monster,
Gorgon born,
Echion born
and born of earth.

6.

Agave. Take me,
my guardians,
here I shall look upon
no,
no,
no Cithaeron;
my sisters and me,
one in our misery
shall re-invoke no old
passions and mysteries;
the thyrsis shall pass on
to other Dionysians;

O let me never see
haunted mad Cithaeron
nor Cithaeron
see me.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

HYMN TO THE PRESENT DAY

"Beauty is order, manifest, conspicuous, resplendent."
—The Dublin Review.

I

This is the full age of faith;
Not of works or of hope: our plan
Is to affirm it even in the fact of death.
What matter what becomes of man?

Therefore not Angkor-vat
Nor Chartres, nor Mycenae shall crown
Our times: we know better than that.
We exult though we stifle and drown

In the fumes of faith in ourselves
Blown through millions of factories
Where clanking machines heave and crawl,
And only the human being dies;

Dies to give place at the last
To the slave without power to be free,
The automaton man, entrapped in a plan
Without issue or liberty.

For it is all the same nor to our faith
Whether we think or refuse:
Whether we starve now for beauty, long dead,
Or worship the pigs and the Jews.

II

The products of Woolworth are better
Than the gold from the dim Theban graves;
We, serving the public, as all good Rotarians should do,
Have no need for the Minoan waves,—

The Horsemen of T'ang shall not guide us
To achieve our own pathway of grace:
We have enough to do to follow out Ford and Morris;
It is enough to keep pace.

Sixteen horse power is more useful
Than a Shakespeare or Aeschylus line,
It is enough to make automobiles, collar studs, face powders
and Sunday newspapers:
And a dynamo is divine.

We have no need of Aquinas or Plato to teach us;
We make the past a sheer blank.
Having put into a museum everything from star-busks to
Michaelangelos
To please the archaeological crank;

We go to the future of interchangeable parts, parts of brain
and of body,
Of soul and of mind.
With a super-Mussolini and his patent mechanical salesmen
to guide us,
And the Devil behind.

III

This is the full age of faith:
The eager faces,
Hearts full of longing, eyes unsatisfied,
Will never make it theirs;

For they have vision
Of a world far from this where human beings
Walked towards beauty
Down quieter ways;

A world no longer theirs nor shall they gain it
Till they accomplish in one act of sin

Destruction of the past and of the present,
Till chaos rushes in:

Black thunderclouds breaking over
The furious desire
Of crossed self-affirmations
Spewing forth fire!

Towards no completion
In hope or love, again and yet again,
Shall man unquenchably scatter
The tumult in his brain:

But only to scurry further
From the face of justice and the final pain.
Snarling and yelling at the chains that bind him,
Man going mad because of his fellow man.

IV

This is the full age of faith,
And death is its final reward.
Man must take death from the empty sack of the ages,
Naught making less hard

His disgrace: once walls had uprisen

Sculptured with millions of saints to proclaim
That life was more than a shameful dull prison,
Death more than a meaningless name.

One melodies proudly sounded
Strong to beguile all fear.
Once and for all, unbounded,
The glories of Paradise, clear,

Blazed on the walls to dispel
The iron power of death.
Now there is nothing to conquer,
Life is only an evil breath:

Fumes of the multitude gathered
In the halls for Hollywood's lies.
Roads banked deep with the gas of exploding motors,
Humans crawling like flies,

Seas polluted and lands degraded;
This is the full age of faith.
Man spitting into the face of the Holy Spirit
Ere he rots away at last in his final death.

JAZZ AGE

Palpitating,
Crepitating,
Rattle, throb, and thump the jazz-drums in the morning;
Skeleton fingers tapping at the windows,
Fists that pound stretched parchments of dull sky.

People waken to their summons,
Roused by the endless broken rhythm
That rolls onward, bleakly springing
Over the monotonous core of human toil.
For the old flesh holds its secret:
Flame that blazes, flame that smoulders,
Choked, convulsive,
Buried in the clank of metal,
Rattle of rods and whirr of fly-wheels;
Sudden hiss of steam escaping
Down life's long dry torrent bed.

Passive faces,
Slavish faces,
Suck it in,

Drink it in;
Flutter of pale sticks upon the snare-drum,
Boom of the bass drum steadily rising,
Whirr of rattle, shriek of whistle, scrape of sand:
Tootle of shrill clarinet, saxophone's lament, and
    trombone's blare;
In great gulps they drink them,
Tossing, swaying,
Silent-lipped, with trance-enkindled stare.

Palpitating,
Crepitating,
Cold, aloof, and without feeling,
Like the spinning and the droning
Of mad dervishes in a temple
Gashing now and then their breasts with glittering knives:
Thresh the drums about a shadowed altar
Draped with long steel bands that quiver,
Swimming through revolving searchlights,
Where there stands a curious shape for human prayers:—
Hands that lift and jerk out sideways,
Joints of steel and heart a watchspring,
Brain a black disc ever revolving,
Eyes electric bulbs, and mouth a megaphone.
Screeching out "Step faster, faster!",
Watches the god, alone.

Toes of dancers
Twirl to it;
Bodies wriggle to it,
Hammers rise and fall
In a hundred cities, to its rhythm.
Millionaires
Count their gains to its springing rattle;
Suicides' revolvers crack
To its descending tones,
Aeroplanes glide through the sky,
To its swift glissandos;
Ships move to its long crescendos,
Dynamos revolve and spray out sparks
To its steady boom.

"Things grow better,
Swifter, better,
On this planet
Day by day;
Labour wasted,
Effort wasted,
Scamped and overhasted,
Hustle; you must pay.
Money, money
Moves the planet;
Best look sunny,

Dance until you fall: that is the way.
Happy, happy,
Trip it quick and still be snappy,
Do not stoop to pity,
Do not ask the reason.
Life has thrills and kicks in every season,
Thought cannot allay."

Palpitating,
Crepitating,
Flutter, boom and cluck the drums at morning,
Half the world across.
Trombones bray responses, fiddles squeak, pianos thump
and roar:
Rattling bones make answer,
Skeletons of dead hopes suspended
In the tumult;
Galvanized by life that surges onward,
Wave on wave of fire up-rising in the darkness
To the down-crash and the cold still pebbles of the shore.

MANHATTAN NIGHTS

I

Into the city marches conquering dusk;
But the city has the power to alter night.
Steel-anchored towers thrust
Into its path pitfalls and spears of light.

The spilth of toil cast forth
Upon the pavements slowly foams away
In a last flurry of torn evening papers:
The city addresses itself to hard-won play.

Sky-signs drip jewelled words
Over new multitudes, sprung from God knows where;
Poised over subways, canyoned streets bleed slowly:
Rose, blue, green, white, they flicker, writhe and flare.

Till drum-beats and dropped curtains grant release
To some untiring wanderer, who, upright,
Carries down pavements of forsaken peace
The bitter ecstasy of a martyred night.

II

All night I lay awake,
And heard
From the bays to the south, thunder upon the outskirts
Shaping an angry word.

The towers trembled:
They drew more close together, in a spasm of fear;
As if Life-prisoning courtyards
Hated to think of raindrops falling clear.

The storm would not burst in full fury.
Frightened, it slunk away
To the wide craggy bays, the familiar pine-strewn hillsides:
It could make no impression on buildings in packed array.

III

What angel or god drives us onward,
What peace can make quieter, save
These harried folk that down Broadway
Butt forward, wave against wave?

Heaped high in rectangular offices
Through the day, without leisure or art,

With sullenly explosive movements
They now push their prisons apart.

But if the lights failed and the shuttles
Of the swift trains could not run,
If darkness suddenly, blindingly descended,
What then would be done?

What screams and shouts and mad laughter
Would burst from these throats to the sky?
What courage would blaze here one moment
Ere trampled under the feet of those not yet ready to die?

IV

After a long fierce day of anxious striving,
Weary in myself with the surge of endless effort,
I went past derricks and boarded-up chasms,
Past bumping trucks and clattering drills and shriek of police-whistles,
Where an old street of crumbling brown-stone houses
Waited still, mocking the march of the towers with its decay.

The sky aloft to westward faded, smoky orange and rose;
Weary men sat on doorsteps, shirt-sleeved, loose hands dangling;

Softly the breeze blew from southward, cleansing the stagnant air,
Faintly the evening star glimmered over the littered pavements.

Death seemed more easy then, as if it had a meaning:
Life seemed less empty, as if it had a song.
O city of my nights and despairs, who said that your skies could be tender?
There was none who had learned that lesson in all that throng!

May, 1929.

DEMOLITION OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

New York, May, 1929

I.

Chocolate-brown walls with tablets clamped in jaws
Of lions: dark ring-bearing claws
Depending from great flag-poles that outspring
Over the pavement: what do these things bring?

Here morning, noon and night
Behind arched windows looped against the light
With silken curtains, hands have lifted knives
And forks against the tide of human lives.

Passing and forever passing, day on day,
Envious or indifferent to the array
Of tables set with silver, glass, and flowers:
While out beyond the flag-poles marched the hours

Of festive days with their contending folds
Of broad striped banners. Now this moment rolls
A quarter century from my mind that sees

Them bellying outward stiffly in the breeze

That blows up half-a-mile of harness-reins,
And agitated bitts and hooves and manes.
Rattling forever onward towards a shore
That soon will never find them any more.

II

Through my lone listening creeps the sudden din
Of glittering picks that hack their way within
Green cupolaed turrets and start slowly down;
A flash of blue sky through the chocolate brown

Of walls rent open. Downwards are out-rolled
Upon the pavement costly marbles, gold
Mosaic and deep leather armchairs where
Cigar-smoke once stole out in superheated air.

Long tapering fingers languidly lifting spoons,
Now, blunt and squat, lift shovels. Under the moons
Of table lamps, the looped and creamy weight
Of floating curtains split, lets loose the freight

Of orchids and bright napery pell-mell thrown
Into iron trucks along with crumbled brick and stone.

III

What can I gather, seize
From hungry pell-mell years;
What memories can I pile
Beside this shattered wall?

Roses that bloomed unsung
Beside a garden-path,
Great gold chrysanthemums
Like the sun's disc over slaty-blue mountains descending.

Wild violets shy, remote;
Magnolias late remembered,
The folded sleep of poppies
Set in the seeded grass.

Asters that blazed when love
Entered at last my heart;
Purple mesquite that puffed
Its smoke-balls out into the thunderous morning;

Heaped peonies, rhododendrons
Like silken rajahs set on thrones of jade;
Valleys where bluebells hung,
A lonely lake under the still grey trees;

And those forget-me-nots
That once I saw beside a birch-fringed pond;
Reflecting into the waters their pure tint,
A colour more remote and still than any sky.

These are the memories that upon the screen
Of mind I brush, to mark eternal transience there;
The screen is folded up, and thrown away;
And in its stead I face the surge of death.

IV

A boy's face pressed against a darkening pane;
Without the city alters; slow the rain
Specks the grey pavements where the landaus rolled
Their waves of luxury through the sunset's gold;
Springtide of life comes now; he does not guess
How soon that pageant fades to nothingness.

And years come fast, and many years go past,
Love bitter-sweet smiles, beckoning, and at last
Love is a painful hope; wars come and earth
Is shaken, pallid, waiting a new birth;
Far from the glossy carriages, and the dreams
Of laden harvest-fields by bank-full streams.

Now streams of nickel and black-lacquered steel
Crawl slowly on, wheel against padded wheel,
And green and red and gold the lights burn out above
Clamorous streets; and few souls hope for love;
Patrician domes fall down, and leave the sky
Empty of meaning, travailing but to die.

AMY LOWELL

Died May 12, 1925

Whenever I think of you, I seem to hear bell-notes calling
From the fretted tracery of a great proud Gothic tower;
Music jangled, frozen and brazen, falling
Downwards through a busy city, hour on hour;
Air-borne lacework of sound: strange that this image should be rising
Whenever in casual talk anyone mentions your name:
But you were a challenge, startling and surprising,
In an age of banal achievement and pettier fame.

The asters and the goldenrod on your hillslopes will still be blowing
Autumn on brilliant autumn against the hemlocks' dark screen;
And the oaks and the maples flare scarlet and gold, but you will not be knowing
Them or the lilacs, purple puffs of smoke on the green
Of the great bushes; I only can yet remember
Globed drops of silver rain on the heart-shaped leaves,
And the cry of the crows over sifting leaves in September;
—But not for that one grieves,—

It is for lack of your vitally fighting spirit
That gave and took blows but never broke till the last;
A man's in a woman's body—let them portion out blame or merit,
I only know this one thing, and that it has passed;
Bravely you fought and died; and no other world you wanted
When you left this world behind.
Nor has all of you gone yet; by bell-notes I am haunted.
Music of challenge, how you ring on in my mind!

F. S. FLINT

F. S. FLINT

THE MAKING OF LILITH

The Garden of Eden.

Adam is sleeping. God and Satan watch him from a distance.

God has straight black hair, angry nostrils, bushy eyebrows, eyes like molten metal, and a black beard that hides his mouth.

Satan has golden hair, curling round his forehead and ears, and at the nape of the neck, nostrils sensitive to the scents of the air and the play of the mind, eloquent eyes, and a mouth like two strung bows. He has no beard, but a golden down on his cheeks.

God inspires fear; Satan friendliness and love.

GOD

He sleeps well; he is good to look upon;
I am pleased with my handiwork.

SATAN

Ours, I think.

GOD

True, true!
That was our pact;

But you forget: I wield the forces
It was my might that whirled
This earth from chaos.

SATAN

You wield them; but I weave them.

GOD

Ah!

SATAN

You put the earth together, lump on lump,
Piled up the mountains, scooped the seas,
And traced the rivers;
But beyond that rough-hewing
Your wit could scarcely go.

GOD

Wit? Is wit needed?
Are not my mountains good enough?
My seas and rivers, have they not strength
enough?
What does wit add to them?

SATAN

Beauty.

GOD

Beauty?

SATAN

Yes:
It is the texture I have placed upon

Your crude creations;
It is the colours I have given to
Your monotone;
Yours is the force, it is true,
But mine the skill
That bends and shapes and hues
Your gross endeavours.

GOD

I have no patience with such trifles.
Masses are my delight;
Power they embody,
And I am power.

SATAN

Yes, but your bellowing beasts,
They die—
For want of wit.
You cast new shapes—more terrible;
They die—
For want of wit;
But the bright patterns I have made,
The surfaces I have woven
So that the light may break
Upon them into colour,
These will outlast your monstrous dumps
Of witless flesh.
God, God, I tell you that without me

The might of your creation tumbles down
Into a mass of rotten flesh and dung,
Stinking in patches on bare rocks and stones
Under a vegetable monstrosity.

GOD

Not all have died.

SATAN

No, for my hand has always cast
A grain of wit into the mass,
And where the wit has fallen,
There the flesh has striven
Against its lumpishness,
And sometimes shaped itself to its end;
And, reaching them, reached beauty.

GOD

But what avails the wit and what the beauty
You say your wit produces?
Nothing is real, only power;
Your beauty is illusion.

SATAN

And what are we?

GOD

What! Are we not real?

SATAN

Who can tell?
And what are we?

GOD

I do not know.
We are and always have been.
Beyond us there is nothing.

SATAN

Nothing.
We are an image in each other's mind.
But what we are, or whether we exist,
Who can tell?
Can we?

GOD

I do not know.
I always find you where I find myself.
I find no pleasure in your schemes and wiles,
And yet I let you aid me
In making this man, Adam.
Shall we awake him?

SATAN

You let me aid you!
You forget; I helped you to the thought
Of a creation made of flesh and wit
That should be master on this earth of yours.
But let us awaken him.

GOD and SATAN *(together)*

Adam, awake!

Adam rises, but, at the sight of God, falls to his knees in fear. Satan moves towards him, and, with a gesture of his hand, bids him rise. He stands gazing at the two deities.

GOD

Adam, my image, my last handiwork,
I have placed you in this garden; it is yours
to rule and order.

SATAN

Adam, my colleague overlooks my part;
But let that be; you cannot understand.
Something of me you have in you.
Look all around, and tell me
What you feel.

ADAM

Feel?

SATAN

You have eyes, ears, nose, mouth and skin.

ADAM

I see:
The birds flying
The fishes swimming
The animals running
The insects crawling
The trees standing.
I see
Their shadows and my shadow

The sun and the light
The moon and the darkness
The stars and the heavens.

GOD

I made them, and the power in them is mine.

SATAN

I shaped them, and their beauty, it is mine.

ADAM

I hear:
The wind's voice in the leaves
The roaring of the lions and tigers
The trumpeting of elephants
The howls of the wild cats.
I hear
The birds piping
And the noise of waters.

GOD

My voice it is you hear in all these sounds.

SATAN

My voice it is, the song within the sounds.

ADAM

I smell:
The earth
The fruit, the flowers, the grasses.
I know the lion and the leopard's track
And one leaf from another.

I smell
And I remember
Things I had forgotten.

SATAN

Satan, this is a subtlety of yours.

ADAM

I taste:
The apple and the pear and quince
The berries and the roots
The different nuts.
Their juices mingle with
The juices of my mouth,
And I am glad.

GOD

Gladness? Satan, there is something more
Than satisfaction here.

SATAN

Yes, something more.

ADAM

I touch:
I know the surfaces of things.
The air plays on my flanks and in my hair;
The waters lap my limbs and trunk;
My feet tread the earth and rock;
Smooth and rough and hard and soft the world is.

I put my hand out;
I cannot reach the stars.

GOD

Is not the earth enough?

SATAN

His mind is working; he will want
More than the earth provides.

GOD

He goes beyond my purpose.

SATAN

Better he should than be a living clod.
When, on my intercession, you agreed
To make this man with me, I had a mind
To try the leaven of intelligence
In greater measure than I had before
With the flesh masses you delighted in.

GOD

Intelligent? Am I intelligent?

SATAN

No. God!
The thought
That bends and guides your power comes from me;
And the straight line of your endeavour curves
From nothingness to shape and thence to beauty—

GOD

Circle and pivot?

SATAN

There you had a gleam! - -

ADAM

I am hungry;
The wind of your speech
Goes over my head;
You have made me, I heard you:
I am hungry;
My belly cries out for food;
And I hear your talk and your words.
My heart is empty;
I feel it aching;
And I find no food for it,
None, and the days pass,
And the darkness is bitter;
And you talk before me,
Words that go by me;
My head is hungry;
It seeks and it knows not:
My eyes look out on the world,
And ask and there is no answer;
I am hungry,
Give me food:
You made me.

GOD

(drawing himself up, eyes burning, arms raised)

Miserable wretch, annihilation . . .

SATAN

Gently, God!

Do not destroy him!

His tricks

Will entertain me as he grows and changes.

Besides, there is some reason—

GOD

Yes, your reason.

SATAN

If you will.

He argues, if his babble can be called

An argument, that we, in making him,

Have given him three hungers,

Which we must satisfy because we made him.

GOD

Two, I think.

SATAN

You think!

No, three:

The hunger of the belly—

That was petulance, for there is food in plenty;

Next, a hunger of the heart—

GOD

I am lonely:
The dogs have mates;
The lion sleeps with the lioness,
Mammoth with mammoth, bird with bird;
I am alone;
I am alone.

GOD

I know his second hunger; but his third?

SATAN

The hunger of the mind.

GOD

A phantasy—

SATAN

Of my invention: I have placed in him
Not knowledge—what is knowledge?—but a desire
To know—to probe and build a phantasy
Of nothing out of nothing, wondering
For wonder's sake, though he will call it
Pursuit of knowledge,—knowledge, music, art,
Poetry, while I stand aside and watch,
Amused, the pattern of his busy mind,
Knowing it is a pattern and no more.

ADAM

Satan, your subtleties are weak and vain.

ADAM *(chanting)*

The wind blows on my body; he lifts up my hair;
He drives the leaves after me when I walk.
I am alone! I am alone!

He is mighty; he is friendly; I cannot see him;
The waters rise before him, break and scatter;
I am alone! I am alone!

He dwells behind the sun and moon and stars;
And his breath is around me; I cannot see him;
I am alone! I am alone!

SATAN

His second hunger we must satisfy.

GOD

And the third?

SATAN

That we cannot satisfy.
It is implanted in him as a goad
To prick him on the road to his desire;
And where he rests to dream, there he will build
Structures abominable and beautiful—
So they will seem—
Out of his weakness and his strength.
He is a seeker who shall never find;
He is a maker who shall make in vain;

He is a plougher of an empty field;
He is a watcher who shall only see
The figments of his mind and think them truth.

GOD

Satan,
This hunger of the mind that so delights you,
I cannot understand, nor what you hope
To come of it.

SATAN

It is a decoration of my thought
My own perfection cannot break into.
Power in itself is nothing, without thought;
Intelligence is nothing without power;
Together they are nothing without forms;
These are the forms; this universe, this man;
Partaking of your power and my thought,
Projected from us but within us still;
Able to move without us and to shape
On the blank surface of our nothingness
A physiognomy, perhaps a grace.

ADAM

Howl, you hyenas;
Yelp, you wandering dogs;
Spit, cats:
We are Satan's dream and plaything.
Tear, you lions;

Rend, you long-toothed tigers;
Trample, mammoths:
We are God's power made flesh.

SATAN

Peace, Adam!

(To God)

He must have his mate.

GOD

I will make her.

SATAN

No:
Together we must make her, as we made
Her man.

GOD

So be it.—Adam, sleep.

SATAN

Adam, dream.

Adam sinks down once more, with a wild look in his eyes. God and Satan approach, one on each side of him, lift their arms above their heads, and, joining them, form an arch over Adam. Immediately, there is a flash of light, and an incandescent flame envelopes the bodies of God and Satan, who are now seen as an arch of white fire. From this arch, coloured flames dart out, until the space beneath it is filled with them. These flames gradually take the shape, dimly at first, of a woman, whose outline grows firmer and firmer,

until she becomes fully embodied, and is held suspended in an aureole of fire. As the making of Lilith approaches its end, that part of the arch which is Satan is seen to give way slowly, until fully two-thirds of the span is occupied by God. At the beginning, Gabriel and Michael come on to the scene, and Pan appears among the trees. Gabriel and Michael chant an antiphony throughout, while at intervals Pan plays on his pipes a song that is heard as both tune and words.

GABRIEL

We praise you, O God;
We know you to be the Lord.

MICHAEL

The whole earth worships you,
O Father everlasting.

PAN *(on his pipes)*

Bind her brow with flowers,
Sweet-smelling marjoram;
Let her come with snowy feet,
O Hymenaeus Hymen,
Let her come with laughter.

GABRIEL

All Angels cry aloud to you;
The Heavens and all the powers therein.

MICHAEL

Cherubim and Seraphim cry
Holy, holy, holy,

Lord God Almighty.

PAN *(on his pipes)*

O Hymenaeus Hymen,
O Hymen Hymenaeus!
Let her come with marriage songs,
Full of desire for her bridegroom
Who awaits her filled with desire.

GABRIEL

The earth is full of your majesty;
Your glory shines in the heavens.

MICHAEL

You are the King of Glory,
And we worship your name, O God.

PAN *(on his pipes)*

Come forth, O bride,
From the golden tresses of flame,
Io Hymen Hymenaeus io.
Come forth, O bride.

FORD MADOX FORD

FORD MADOX FORD

WINTER-NIGHT SONG

My dearest dear, my honey love;
my brown-eyed squirrel, my soft dove;
All tiny furred and feathered things
have long curled up and furled up their wings.

The taxi-lamps and street lights too
grow dim along Fifth Avenue,
And in the doorways of the shops
slumber the dawn-awaiting cops.

A thousand miles of frozen lands
do veil our eyes and part our hands;
We've sundered, we have burnt our ships;
a thousand miles do part our lips.

The sirens calling from the Sound
taunt me across the icy ground,
The cold sea-sirens of the main, taunting:
"Ye never shall, ye twain,
Set sail to sail the world around,
and round and round and round again."

But not King George nor Genghis Khan
could keep my squirrel from her man,
Nor Solomon's broad-winged Efreets
bar to my dove these Greenwich streets,

Who, twixt the winds and down the night,
a thousand miles doth take her flight
And who invisible doth creep
through the interstices of sleep.

My window's wide, my door's ajar;
I'll hear your coming from afar;
Oh tiny; tiny best, oh best,
in all the world from West to West.

Before the stars at dawn depart,
quick, quick, your home is on my heart.

You are my strength, you are my peace;
my sustenance and my increase;
You are my thought and you do bind
the convolutions of my mind.

You are my eyes and what I see
and you, the blossom of my tree;
You are my rhythm and my tune
and you, my lily buds of June.

You are my sleep, in you I wake,
and you, my thirst, my thirst do slake.
You are my hunger and my meat,
my honey hair, my nimble feet.

And your voice speaks when I rehearse
the form and content of this verse.

But when night falls, ah then, you prove
my brown-eyed squirrel, my soft dove:
My dearest dear,
my honey love.

TWO SONGS

1. To the tune of *Rokenope*

How many miles to Gotham town?
Must we be there by Monday noon?
Why if the ship ride on apace,
Over the sea and up and down
Ye must be there as soon.

Oh Gotham were a pleasant place
If it were not that you and I
Within a barren stony space
Shut in from sea and sky
That noon must say goodbye.

Must say goodbye that noon and part
For noons and dawns and afternoons
And twilights, heavy, heavy heart,
Full many, many harvest moons
Must rise and ride the sky a-down
Ere we next meet in Gotham town. . . .

If but all screws would fall from ships,
If but all clocks stood still at noon,
Were there no parting for dear lips
Nor bitterness in any tune
Gotham might be a pleasant place
For all the rest; but you and I
Should bide and balance in this space
Between the sea and sky.

Too few, too few the miles to Gotham town:
We shall be there my Monday noon.
The tall ship hastens on apace
Over the sea and up and down.
We shall be there too soon.

2. To the tune of *Nicolette au clair Visage*

HE And how long shall you wait, my dear,
My dear of the clear face?

SHE Till the first thin snowfall of the year
Fades from its place
Or maybe till the last light snows of spring
Disintegrate
I may stay here and wait.

HE How long shall you be true, my love,
My love with the clear eyes?

SHE Until the bracken in the autumn grove
'Neath Rokenhope Hills
Fades down and dies
Or maybe till next year the daffodils
Amongst the grass shall rise.

SHE How long shall you be sad, my man,
My man of the clear heart?

HE Until the last leaf of the last year's span
For ever and aye departs,
Till the last rose of Earth's final June
Yellows and dies:
And, on, until above this sphere
The last sun shall arise
And the dying stars and the dead moon
Fall from the skies.

JAMES JOYCE

JAMES JOYCE

"THREE FRAGMENTS FROM WORK IN PROGRESS"

From: "TALES TOLD OF SHEM AND SHAUN"

The Ondt, that true and perfect host, was making the greatest spass a body could with his queens laceswinging for he was spizzing all over him like thingsmanything in formication, boundlessly blissfilled in an allallahbath of houris. He was ameising himself hugely at crabround and marypose, chasing Floh out of charity and tickling Luse. I hope too, and tackling Bienie, faith, as well, and jucking Vespatilla jukely by the chimiche. Never did Dorsan from Dunshanagan dance it with more devilry! The veripatetic imago of the impossible Gracehoper on his odderkop in the myre, sans mantis ne snooshoe, feather weighed animule, actually and presumptuably sinctifying chronic's despair, was sufficiently and probably coocoo much for his chorous of gravitates. A darkener of the threshold? Haru! Orimis, capsizer of his antboat, sekketh rede from Evil-it-is, lord of loaves in Amongded. Be it! So be it! Thou-who-thou-art, the fleet-as-spindhrift, impfang thee of mine wideneight! Haru!

The thing pleased him andt, andt andt,

He larved and he larved onn he merd such a nauses
The Gracehoper feared he would mixplace his fauces.
I forgive you, grondt Ondt, said the Gracehoper, weeping,
For their sukes of the sakes you are safe in whose keeping.
Teach Flon and Luse polkas, show Bienie where's sweet
And be sure Vespatilla fines fat ones to heat.
As I once played the piper I must now pay the count
So saida to Moyhammlet and marhaba to your Mount!
Let who likes lump above so what flies be a full'un;
I could not feel moregruggy if this was prompollen.
I pick up your reproof, the horsegift of a friend,
For the prize of your save is the price of my spend.
Can castwhores pulladeftkiss if oldpollocks forsake 'em
Or Culex feels etchy if Pulex don't wake him?
A locus to loue, a term if t'embarrass,
These twain are the twins that tick Homo Vulgaris.
Has Aqileone more winged to go syf
Since the Gwyfyn we were in his farrest drewbryf
And that Accident Man not beseeked where his story ends
Since longsephyring sighs sought heartseast for their orience?
We are Wastenot with Want, precondamned, two and true,
Till Nolans go volants and Bruneyes come blue.
Ere those gidflirts now gadding you quit your mocks for my gropes,
An extense must impull, and elapse must elopes,

Of my tectucs takestock, tinktact, and ail's weel;
As I view by your farlook hale yourself to my heal,
Partiprise my thinwhins while my blink points unbroken on
Your whole's whereabroads with Tout's tightyright token on.
My in risible universe youdly haud find
Sulch oxtrabeeforeness meat soveal behind.
Your feats end enormous, your volumes immense
(May the Gracies I hoped for sing your Ondtship song sense!)
Your genus its worldwide, your spacest sublime!
But, Holy Saltmartin, why can't you beat time?

In the name of the former and of the latter and of their holocaust. Allmen.

D. H. LAWRENCE

D. H. LAWRENCE

TRUE LOVE AT LAST!

The handsome and self-absorbed young man
looked at the lovely and self-absorbed girl
and thrilled.

The lovely and self-absorbed girl
looked back at the handsome and self-absorbed man
and thrilled.

And in that thrill he felt:
Her self-absorption is even as strong as mine!
I must see if I can't break through it
And make her interested in me.

And in that thrill she felt:
His self-absorption is even stronger than mine!
What fun, stronger than mine!
I must see if I can't absorb this Samson of self-absorption.

So they simply adored each other
and in the end

they were both nervous wrecks, because
in self-absorption and self-interest they were equally
matched.

LUCIFER

"Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell."
But tell me, tell me, how do you know
that he lost any of his brightness in falling?
He only fell out of your ken, you orthodox angels,
you dull angels, tarnished with centuries of sitting on the
shelf.

SPHINX

But why do I feel so strangely about you?
Said the lovely young lady, half wistful, half menacing.

I took to my heels and ran
before she could set the claws of her self-absorbed questioning in me.
or tear me with the fangs of disappointment
because I could not answer the riddle of her own self-importance.

INTIMATES

Don't you care for my love? she said bitterly.

I handed her the mirror, and said:
Please address these questions to the proper person!
Please make all requests to head-quarters!
In all matters of emotional importance
please approach the supreme authority direct!
—So I handed her the mirror.

And she would have broken it over my head
but she caught sight of her own reflection
and that held her spell-bound for two seconds
while I fled.

IMAGE-MAKING LOVE

Always
at the core of me
burns a small flame of anger, gnawing
from trespassed contacts, from hot, digging-in fingers of
love.

Always
in the eyes of those who loved me well
I have seen at last the image of him they loved
and took me,
mistook for me.

And always
it was a pretty monkey that resembled me
and was a gibe at me.

So now I want, above all things
to preserve my nakedness
from the gibe and finger-clutch of image-making love.

ULTIMATE REALITY

A young man said to me:
I am interested in the problem of Reality.

I said: Really!
Then I saw him turn to glance, surreptitiously,
in the big mirror, at his own fascinating shadow.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

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DELLA PRIMAVERRA TRANSPORTATA AL MORALE:

(incomplete)

1

April

the beginning—or
what you will:
the dress
in which the veritable winter
walks in spring—

Loose it (again)
let it fall
(where it will)
again—

a live thing
the buds are upon it
the green shoots come between
the red flowrets
curled back

under whose green veil
strain

the violent
trunks and limbs of
the supporting trees—
—yellow
the arched stick
pinning the fragile foil
in abundance

or

the bush before the rose
pointed with green

bent into form
open the iron frame

wild onion swifter
than the grass

the grass thick at
the poet's base

iris blades unsheathed
stabbing—

—the complexion of the impossible
(you'll say)
never realized—
at a desk in a hotel in front of a
machine a year
later—for a day or two
(quite so—)
whereas the reality trembles
frankly
in that its desire
though it was like
this in part it was deformed
even when at its utmost to
touch—as it did
and fill and give and take
—a kind
of rough drawing of flowers
and April
for all that—
Stop: Go
the rest is all reserved
With this proviso

virgin (?) negress
at the glass in
blueglass venetian
beads—
a green truck
dragging a concrete mixer
passes
in the street—
the clatter and true sound
of verse—
Moral
it looses me
Moral
it supports me
Moral
it has never ceased
to flow
Moral
the faded evergreen
Moral
I can laugh
Moral
the redhead sat
in bed with her legs
crossed and talked
rough stuff

Moral
the door is open
Moral
the tree moving
diversely
in all parts—
—the moral is
love, bred of the mind and eyes
and hands—

but in the cross current

between what the hands reach
and the mind desires

and the eyes see
and see starvation, it is

useless to have it thought
that we are full—

But April is a thing
comes just the same—

and in it I see now
what then I did not know—

The Academy (St.)

I believe
in the sound patriotic and
progressive mulish policies
and if elected—
I believe
in a continuance of the pro-
tective tariff because—

I believe
that the country can't do
too much—
I believe
in honest law enforcement—
and I also believe in the right
of the people to make and unmake
their own laws—
I believe
in giving the farmer and
land owner adequate protection
I believe
I believe
I believe
in equality for the negro and—

THIS IS MY PLATFORM

I believe
in your love
the first dandelion
a heavenly blossom
at the edge of
the concrete—
the fishman's bugle announces
the warm wind—
taraaaaaaa
taraaaaaaa
reminiscent of the sea
the plumtree flaunts
its blossom-encrusted
branches—

Stop : Stop

you would kiss "me" with "kindness":
I love you too, but I love you
too

Thus, in that light and only in
that light can I say—

Winter : Spring (a copy)
abandoned (?) to you. The world lost—
in you

Is not that devastating enough
for one century?

I believe

Spumoni	1.00
French Vanilla	.70
Chocolate	.70
Strawberry	.70
Maple Walnut	.70
Coffee	.70
Tutti Frutti	.70
Pistachio	.70
Cherry Special	.70
Orange Ice	.70

Biscuit Tortoni

25c per portion

tactus eruditus

Maple, I see you have
a squirrel in your crotch—
And you have a woodpecker
in your hole, sycamore

No trucking on this street

The soul, my God, shall rise up
as a tree

But who are you?
in this mortal wind
that I at least can understand
having sinned willingly.

The forms
of the emotions are crystalline,
geometric-faceted. So we recognize
only in the white heat of
understanding, when a flame
runs through the gap made
by learning, the shapes of things—
the ovoid sun, the pointed trees

lashing branches

the wind is fierce, lashing
the long limbed trees whose
branches
wildly toss—

THE TREES

The trees—being trees
thrash and scream
guffaw and curse—
wholly abandoned
new with buds—
damning the race of men—

Christ, the bastards
haven't even sense enough
to stay out in the rain—

Wha ha ha ha

wheeeeeee
clacka tacka tacka
tacka tacka
wha ha ha ha ha
ha ha ha

knocking knees buds
bursting from each pore
even the trunk's self
putting out leafheads—

The cold wind
has had us his own
winter long, his kiss
did not leave
a part of us untouched—

Wailing at the gate
heartbreak at the bridgehead—

What gone
and whence returning?
Seedless, spent

Science
—wheeeee!
ghosts
sapped of strength—
desire dead
in the heart—

Philosophy!
—haw haw haw haw
and memory broken.

Loose desire.

"Do what you please"
We naked cry to you

Listen!
there were never satyrs
never mænads
never eagle-headed gods—

these were men
from whose hands sprung
love
bursting the wood—
Trees were their
companions—

THE WIND INCREASES

the harried
earth is swept.
The trees
the tulip's bright
tips
sidle and
toss—
Loose your love
to flow

Blow!

Good Christ what is
a poet—if any
exists?

a man
whose words will
bite
their way

home—being actual
having the form
of motion

At each twigtip

new
upon the tortured
bodies of thought
gripping
the ground
a way
to the last leaftip
enameled, fluted
and shellsharp—

as love

newborn
each day upon the twig
which may die

springs your love
fresh up
lusty for the sun
the bird's companion—

LOVE IN A TRUCK OR THE SEA-ELEPHANT

Trundled from
the strangeness of the sea—
a kind of
heaven—

Ladies and Gentlemen!
the greatest
sea monster ever exhibited
alive

the gigantic
sea-elephant—O wallow
of flesh where
are

there fish enough for
that
appetite stupidity
cannot lessen?

Sick
of April's smallness
the little
leaves—

flesh has lief of you
enormous sea—

Speak!
Blouaugh! (feed
me) my
flesh is riven—
fish after fish into his maw
unswallowing

to let them glide down
gulching back
half spittle half
brine

the
troubled eyes—ripped
from the sea.
(In

a practical voice) They
ought

to put it back where
it came from.

Gape.
Strange head—
told by old sailors—
rising

bearded
to the surface—and

the only
sense out of them

is that woman's
Yes
it's wonderful but they
ought to
put it
back into the sea where
it came from.
Blouaugh!

Swing—ride
walk
on wires—toss balls
stoop and

. contort yourselves—
But I
am love. I am
from the sea—

Blouaugh!
there is no crime save
the too heavy
body

the sea
held playfully—comes
to the surface
the water

boiling
about the head the cows
scattering
fish dripping from

the bounty
of . . . and spring
they say
spring is yeomen in

RAIN

As the rain moistens
everything
as does

your love

bathe every
open
object of the world—

In houses
the priceless dry
rooms
of illicit love
where we live
hear the wash of the
rain—

There
paintings

and fine
metalware
oven stuffs—
all the whoreishness
of our

delight

sees

from its window
the spring wash
of your love

the falling
rain—

the trees
are become
beasts fresh risen
from

the sea—
water

trickles

from the crevices of
their hides—

So my life is spent
to keep out love
with which
she rains upon

the world

of spring

drips

so spreads

the words

far apart to let in

her love

and running in between
the drops

the rain

is a kind physician

the rain
of her thoughts over
the ocean

every

where

walking with
invisible swift feet
over

the helpless
waves—

Unworldly love
that has no hope
of the world

and that
cannot change the world
to its delight

the rain

falls upon the earth
and grass and flowers
come

perfectly

into form from its

liquid

clearness

but love is
unworldly

and nothing
comes of it but love

following

and falling endlessly

from

her thoughts—

THE FLOWER

A petal, colorless and without form,
the oblong towers lie

beyond the low hill and northward the great
bridge stanchions,

small in the distance have appeared
pinkish and incomplete—

It is the city,
approaching over the river. Nothing

of it is mine, but visibly it is
petal of a flower for all that—my own.

It is a flower through which the wind combs
the whitened grass and a black dog

with yellow legs stands eating from a
garbage barrel. One petal goes eight blocks

past two churches and a brick school beyond
the edge of the park where under trees

leafless now, women having nothing else to do
sit in summer—to the small house

in which I happen to have been born:
A heap of dirt, if you care

to say it, frozen and snow-streaked in
the January sun returning—

Then they hand you—they who wish to God
you'd keep your fingers out of

their business—science or philosophy or
anything else they can throw off

to distract you—But Madame Lenine
is a benefactress when under her picture

in the papers she is quoted as saying:
Children should be especially protected

from religion. Another petal
reaches to San Diego, California, where

a number of young men, New Yorkers most
of them, are kicking up the dust.

A flower, at its heart (stamens, pistil
etc.) is a naked woman, about 38, just

out of bed, worth looking at both for
her body and her mind and what she has seen

and done. She it was put me straight
about the city when I said "It

makes me sick to see them run up
a new bridge like that in a few months

and I can't find time even to get
a book written." "They have the power,

that's all," she replied. That's what you all
want. If you can't get it, acknowledge

at least what it is. And they're not
going to give it to you.—Quite right.

For years I've been tormented by
that miracle, the buildings all lit up—

unable to say anything much to the point
though it is the major sight

of this region. But foolish to rhapsodise over
stringsoflights, the blaze of a power

in which I have not the least part—
Another petal reaches

into the past, to Porto Rico
when my mother was child bathing in a

river and splashing water up on
the ucca leaves to see it roll back pearls.

The snow is hard on the pavements. This
is no more a romance than an allegory,

I plan one thing—that I could press
buttons to do the curing of or caring for

the sick that I do laboriously now by hand
for cash, to have the time

when I am fresh, in the morning, when
my mind is clear and burning—to write.

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one thousand copies.

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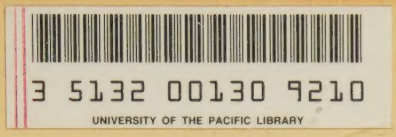
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